

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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OUR EXPOSURE OF THE SWILL MILK TRADE.

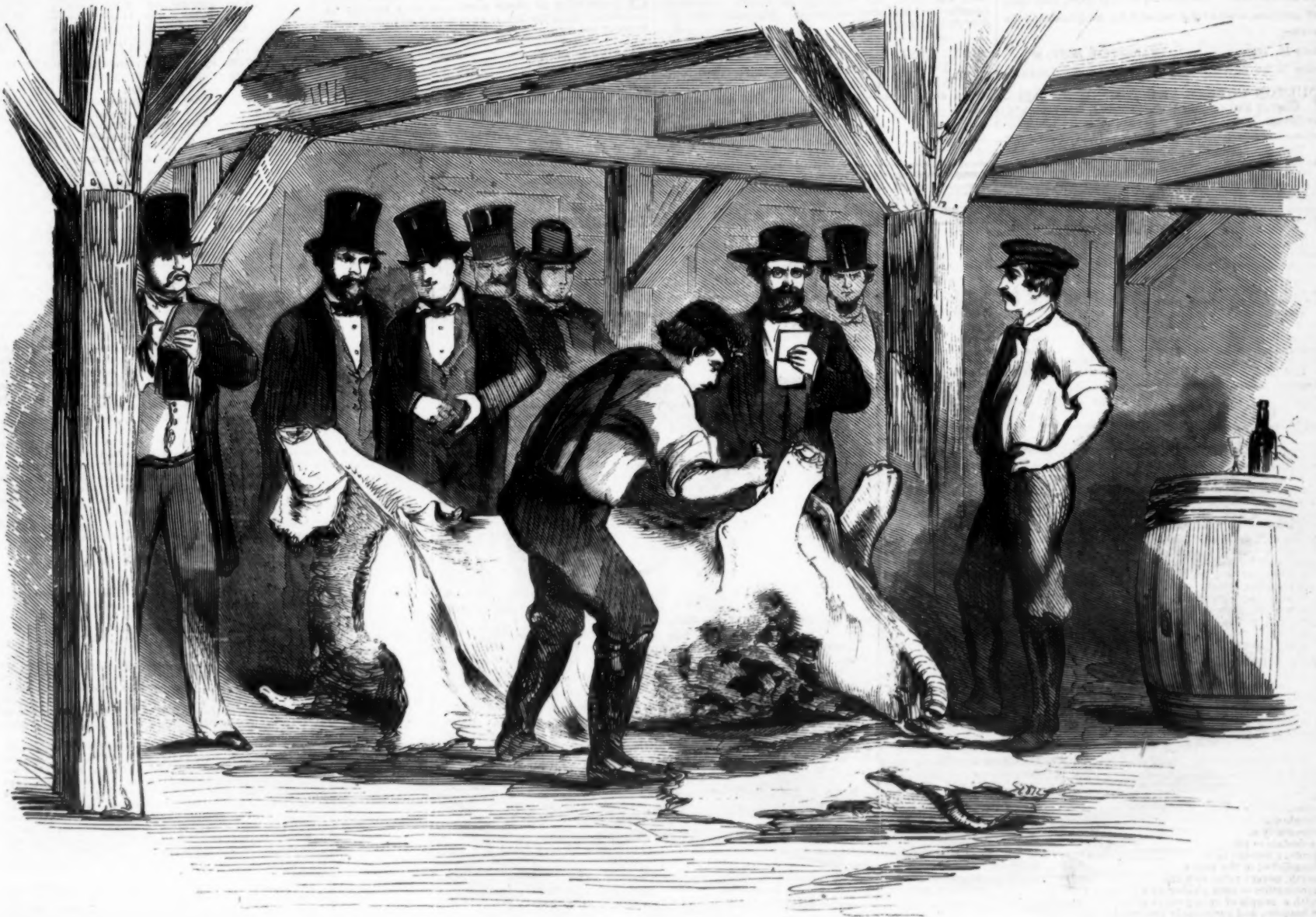
In our two last numbers, by the aid of life-like illustrations and striking but horrible facts, we presented to our readers so startling a history of the murderous swill trade of New York and Brooklyn, that the wildest excitement pervades all classes, not only in our midst but throughout the whole country. *We have laid the axe to the root of an evil which is gigantic here, and extends to all the large cities of this continent, and the whole fabric must fall at once.* The papers of the rural districts are horror-struck at the iniquity of New York, as illustrated by our swill milk exposure, but the cities fear lest the evil extends to them. *It does.* Wherever large masses of people congregate, thus creating a great demand for milk, a distillery springs up at once, and while this furnishes the fiery alcohol which makes the fathers and husbands drunkards, loafers, and, perhaps, murderers, the filthy cow stables, which hang around it like bloated parasites, dispense the poison that deals death to the mothers and children. Shall these manufactories of hell-broths be permitted longer to exist among us? Shall we tamely submit that a class of men shall grow rich upon our creavements—upon the vacant places their poison creates in every family? We ask these questions, and we know that the great voice of the people will answer with one accord—No! The voice of the people is all powerful; the arm of the people can and must redress wrongs which the rulers will not abate. Every



man who rests in the vain and selfish security that he is "safe," is a traitor to the cause, and gives comfort and help to the general enemy. Every one should remember that until the distilleries are abolished or forbidden to use or vend the swill slops, no one can be secure that he is the one exempted from the curse of swill milk. It is, therefore, necessary that every one should prepare to use his personal influence to support the work we have commenced, until it is consummated by the muttered execrations of the last swill milkman.

In other pages of this paper will be found the official report made to the City Inspector by a committee of that office, who were present with Mr. Leslie at the dissection of a swill stable cow brought from Johnson's distillery cow stables in Sixteenth street, on the offal dock at the foot of Forty-fifth street, East River; also important letters from eminent physicians, sustaining our views in every particular; communications from private individuals, statistical documents, with other evidence, new routes, &c., tending to show the necessity of immediate action to suppress the infamous and dangerous swill milk trade of New York and Brooklyn.

PORTRAIT OF MR. LEWIS J. KIRK (ATTACHED TO THE DEPARTMENT OF THE HEALTH WARDENS), FROM LIFE, AS HE APPEARED WHILE DISSECTING A COW FROM THE SIXTEENTH STREET STABLES. MAY 13, 1858.



SCENE AT THE OFFAL DOCK, FOOT OF FORTY-FIFTH STREET, EAST RIVER, N. Y. DISSECTING THE COW BROUGHT FROM THE 16TH ST. SWILL COW STABLES. THE PICTURE OF THE COW SHOWS THE RIGHT SIDE IN A PUTRIFIED STATE. THE DISSECTOR IS JUST OPERATING FOR THE EXAMINATION OF THE INTESTINES. THE HEALTH WARDENS, FRANK LESLIE AND HIS CORPS WITNESSING THE OPERATION AND TAKING NOTES.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Congressional Summary.

SENATE, Saturday, May 8.—There was no public business transacted, the time being given to sundry eulogies on Senator Evans, whose sudden death was recorded in our last number. At two o'clock the Senate attended his funeral.

MONDAY, May 10.—Mr. Seward presented in the Senate yesterday a petition from the Mayors of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, relative to wharves along the water lots, with a view to the more perfect drainage of those cities. A resolution of the Wisconsin Legislature, favoring the project of a ship canal around Niagara Falls, was presented by Mr. Doolittle. The expenses of Mr. Evans' funeral were then voted. The bill to repeal the fishery bounties then came up, and was discussed at length. Mr. Fessenden (Maine) making an elaborate argument against it.

TUESDAY, May 11.—There was very little business transacted this day; the bill was passed providing for the final adjustment of private land claims in Florida, Louisiana, Arkansas and Missouri. The Fishery Bounties Repeal bill was then debated till the adjournment. The Senate held also an Executive session—confirming James M. Buchanan (Maryland) as Minister to Denmark, in place of Mr. Beninger—and Colonel G. W. Morgan as Minister at Portugal, in place of John L. O'Sullivan. A number of other appointments of less interest were also confirmed.

WEDNESDAY, May 12.—The War Department made a communication recommending the purchase of a ranch for \$200,000 to build a fort to command the entrance of the harbor of San Francisco. Mr. Broderick (California) who knows the spot, declared it not worth \$7,000. It was referred to the Military Commission. The great event of the day was the swearing in of the members of the new State, Minnesota, H. H. Rice and General James Shields. Mr. Rice, who rose and demanded a Committee of Investigation, pledging himself to resign if the charges were proved to be true. It will be remembered that Mr. Rice was the delegate from Minnesota when it was only a Territory. General Shields was a Senator from Illinois some years ago.

THURSDAY, May 13.—The Appropriation bill was read; it contains thirty-seven pages; after this exertion the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, Saturday, May 8.—No public business done. Eulogies were pronounced on Senator Evans. At two o'clock the House adjourned to attend his funeral.

MONDAY, May 10.—A sharp debate arose on the bill for paying for the loss of slaves carried away in 1812. It was opposed by Mr. Bliss (Ohio) which brought up Mr. Garnett (Virginia) who made some very strong remarks on Mr. Giddings. He was called to order by the chair. The bill was referred to a Committee of the Whole.

TUESDAY, May 11.—The bill admitting Minnesota was passed just as it came from the Senate, by a vote of 157 to 38. Mr. Ricard opposed the alien clause. Mr. Stephens replied. A motion to lay the resolution respecting the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty on the table was lost, and the preamble was then rejected. In the course of the debate a lively altercation sprang up between Sickles and Clay, in which both of these members claimed to be keeper of Mr. Buchanan's conscience, or rather, professed to be his father confessor. Sickles said that any expression of opinion now would embarrass the administration in their negotiations with the English Government.

WEDNESDAY, May 12.—No business of public importance done. Mr. Smith (Virginia) introduced a bill for the new Territory of Nevada. Land claims in New Mexico were then discussed—when a quorum not being present, the House adjourned.

THURSDAY, May 13.—A motion by Mr. Phillips (Pennsylvania) to admit two members from Minnesota, Messrs. Kavanaugh and Phelps, excited a warm discussion. Objection was made to their being sworn by Mr. Sherman (Ohio). After considerable debate, a proposition by Mr. Millson (Virginia), to refer the case to the Committee on Elections, was adopted. Mr. Kunkel (Maryland) made a report, accusing R. B. Hargney, Doorkeeper of the House, of many gross offenses, recommending his dismissal from office. The subject was postponed till Monday. A report was made from the Committee on Elections by Mr. Harris, respecting the Ohio contested seat. Four members of the committee are in favor of the sitting member Campbell, four for Vallandigham the contestant, and one in favor of declaring the seat vacant. The report was ordered to be printed. Mr. Clarke (Missouri) reported against the request of Utah to be admitted as a State.

California.

The Star of the West arrived on the 14th with news from Aspinwall to May 4th. The date from San Francisco is to April 20. The California Legislature had resolved to adjourn on the 26th of April. A law for the better observance of the Sabbath had been passed. A resolution was under consideration, instructing California Senators to use their influence to have the Federal Government appoint American Consuls at the ports of Guaymas, Mazatlan, Manzanillo and La Paz. The Assembly had passed a bill to pay \$50,000 to the "law and order" troops enlisted to resist the Vigilance Committee. In the case of the slave Archy Lee, the United States Commissioner had rendered a decision setting the man at liberty. The agricultural reports from California are very encouraging. Three Chinamen were hanged on the 16th of April; one of them made a violent speech from the gallows.

Oregon.

Dates to 2d of April. All full of the gold discoveries on Fraser and Thompson Rivers, in the British possessions; miners flocking in all directions, diggers making from ten to fifty dollars per day.

Utah.

News from the great Mormon city (of which we gave an engraving in No. 37 of our ILLUSTRATED PAPER, and which was copied by Messrs. Harpers in the last number of their *Journal of Civilization*), are to the 6th of March. Brigham had made a speech, inculcating the obligation of self-denial incumbent upon the Saints, even to the length of destroying their goods and chattels, rather than submit. Meetings had been held in the Territory to sustain him in his course. Orson Pratt, a prominent leader, had avowed his intention to relinquish all further efforts to enlighten the Gentiles, and had announced the purpose of the Mormons to descend upon Missouri, and retake the lands of which they have been deprived in that State. Colonel Thomas L. Kane had arrived at Salt Lake from New York via California. The Saints were busy with their spring work, and appeared confident of safety in any event.

Something for the Suburbs.

The great drawback in some of the most picturesque places in our vicinity, is the prevalence of ague. This, however, will become less and less as the ground becomes occupied, till at last, as in London, where only twenty-five persons in a population of nearly three millions die in the year. It is not, perhaps, generally known that James the First and Oliver Cromwell both died of ague. Defective drainage, like fear, makes both tyrant and tyrant-killer shake in their shoes.

An American Harem.

The Turkish Admiral, who having returned from Washington, has again fallen into the hands of the Philistines, was taken to visit the Female Normal School, corner of Elm and Grand. Seeing such a peerless collection of beauties, he naturally concluded he was taken there to select a few Fatimas for his seraglio at Pera, and was about commencing to pick and choose, when lo! of a sudden the whole American Harem began to sing the Old Hundred Psalm. It had such a moral effect upon his Excellency, that instead of adding to his harem, he made an offer to sell all his wives cheap for each to our friend W. H. Wilson, President of the Board of Education. The result of the negotiation is not yet known.

A Legal Question.

Is it proper for a judge who grants the warrant, to turn himself into a policeman to assist in its execution?

Dramatic Fund Association.

This Association met on the 10th at their rooms, 15 Crosby street, and elected their officers for the year. James T. Brady was chosen President.

Peter Cooper Institute.

This magnificent building was opened on the 10th, when the Home Missionary Society held beneath its roof their fourteenth anniversary. There were 3,000 persons present. The proceedings commenced with a speech from Peter Cooper, who dedicated the structure to the purposes of science, art and the best interests of humanity.

A Melancholy Event.

A most distressing suicide occurred in Ithaca on the 4th. Mr. N. T. Williams, Cashier of the Tompkins County Bank, had been requested by the Directors to resign his position, on account of an occasional indulgence in spirituous liquors. After receiving this communication he went home and told his wife that his work in this world was over. That same afternoon he went to the cemetery, sat on a bench under a tree, and swallowed a dose of Prussic acid. Despite his foible for drink he had been Cashier of the bank for many years, and was a man of unblemished integrity as well as an officer of great ability. His untimely end is much regretted.

Billy Bowlegs.

We are happy to announce that the Florida war is at an end. Those *arcades* and Billy Bowlegs and Asinewah, with their braves, numbering 117 warriors and women, have buried the hatchet, and delivered themselves up to the commander of Fort Myers a fortnight ago from Tampa. We have no sympathy to waste on the disappearance of the red men. Those who patronize the Indians know nothing of their *protégés*, or else have a depraved taste, for every one of them is a Nene Sahib, by instinct, and education. Cooper has much to answer for in this respect.

The Order of the Garter.

Our readers, no doubt, recollect the anecdote of the Queen of Spain, who put a booby to death for making her a present of a pair of stockings, on the ground that it was presumption for him to think that queens had legs. The *Tribune* and the *Springfield Republican* are having quite a lively discussion as to whether ladies ought to garter above or below the knee. Willis has been much laughed at for the delicacy with which he handles ladies' legs, which he very reverently calls "means of getting over the ground," "organs of locomotion," "pedestals of purity," &c. We, however, much prefer this fastidiousness to the profane manner in which that mysterious appendage, the garter, is now openly brandished in the public face. We have always considered a lady's garter as a myth, never having seen an openly acknowledged one, although we have a vague recollection of once picking up a piece of worked satin, embroidered with roses, with a couple of spring snaps at the end, which, in our innocence, we thought a bracelet, and accordingly presented it to a young lady of our acquaintance. Her indignation was something wonderful to behold, and made so vivid an impression on our mind that we hereby dismise the question at once by assuring our fair readers that they have our permission to wear their garters either below or above the knee, as they think fit, although if our opinion is insisted

upon we should say it is better to ligature the means of getting over the ground below the knee, since it interferes least with the circulation of the blood.

A Reverend Lotherio.

There must certainly be something rotten in the state of pulpitude, for every now and then it produces a Don Giovanni, who would make the fortune of the Academy of Music. In Detroit last Sunday week, as the clergyman was preaching in his pulpit, a person ran up the stairs, caught hold of him, and administered a sound coddling to the gospel expounder, informing the astonished congregation that it was in revenge for having seduced his wife.

American Tract Society.

The Slavery wedge has split this famous society at last. Political bitterness overpowered Christian feeling, and the thirty-third anniversary meeting held in the Dutch Reformed Church, Lafayette place, was the emphatic moment when the committee achieved the deed. The expediency of circulating abolition tracts has long been a *quæstio æsætiæ* among the subscribers, but on Wednesday, May 12, the society approved, by a large majority, the special report of the executive committee, thus rescinding the resolution passed at the last annual meeting authorizing the distribution of abolition tracts throughout the South. This decision will no doubt peril much New England support.

Murder as one of the Fine Arts.

An English writer some years ago, disgusted at the maudlin sentiment wasted on atrocious criminals, wrote an elaborate essay called "Murder as one of the Fine Arts." It is seldom that we have so distinguished a professor of that art rushing into print to argue the question with the community he has outraged as Mr. Ira Stout has lately done. In an address, which is matchless for its utter negation of his true position, we find these remarkable sentences: "There was no visible emotion to show the volcano boiling within, and the immense audience failed to perceive that the passionless exterior simply concealed an internal agony, of which no mortal man can form a conception. It was a terrible illustration of how much a man may bear when supported by all the philosophy and self-control he possesses." "There is power for usefulness in me, if I only have an opportunity for development; and I appeal to the heart of each reader if he does not fairly and candidly think I might be put to a better use than hanging? I do not wish to show a cowardly tenacity for life, but I consider it my right and duty to live as long as I can." "I consider it my right and duty to live as long as I can!" What was his victim, Mr. Little's right and duty?

Swill Milkmaids.

The Mayor is determined to do his duty and punish all these miserable Herods who get a disreputable living by poisoning the children of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey city. He therefore has detailed officers to the various ferries to arrest all milkmen coming from Brooklyn who have not the owner's name painted on their wagon. In the course of the morning twenty-one milkmen were arrested, and fined three dollars each. They are supposed to be the vendors of swill milk. Their names are, Peter Clark, Evan Jones, John Brock, Jacob Millard, James Dryner, Nathan Robinson, Cornelius Decker, Nicholas Cunningham, Fernando Martin, Martin Burns, William Brown, Michael Lennigan, Owen Given, Patrick Kelly, Patrick McCarty, J. S. Robinson, John True, Hamilton Betty, Patrick Fitzpatrick, William Clark and John Oliver.

The Mayor fined them \$3 each. Mayor Fuwrell, of Brooklyn, interceded in behalf of Oliver, but the \$3 had to be paid. One of the men, Fernando Martin, resisted and struck the officer, and was put under bonds of \$1,000 to appear and answer.

Perhaps Mayor Powell will explain his sympathy for John Oliver? The next morning seventeen more arrests were made. We copy from the *Daily Times*:

The Mayor's squad of police made a large number of arrests, yesterday, of milkmen driving their wagons into and about the city without any name or number painted on them. They were all brought before the Mayor, and each fined \$3, with the exception of one, who got off with \$2. The following are the names of the arrested parties: Martin Hallahan, John Rogers, William Wogan, James Wogan, David Reeves, B. Rosenthal, Henry Wolfe, Albert Freeman, John Donahue, Peter Senar, John Kennedy (in default of payment committed for three days), William Clark, James Stephens, C. H. Smith, James Malay, James Regan and Edward Kane.

The wagons, in many cases, were miserable affairs, drawn by skinny old horses, and driven by Irishmen. The cans were dirty, and rusted and bruised, the sight of which alone was enough to excite the disgust of a well-regulated stomach. They came mostly from the slop milk manufactories of Williamsburg and East Brooklyn, with no name or number on their wagons by which to trace them. Many of them rely upon what they can sell transiently as they pass about the city. The officers say a large majority arrested for violating the city ordinance sell the swill-filk. As yet there has been no second arrest of the same party. The whole number of arrests thus far is twenty-seven.

A Loveless Wife.

About six months since, an elderly lady of property, living in Brooklyn, who frequently made purchases at a celebrated dry goods house in Broadway, became so much enamored of one of the employes, that she decided to invite him to her house, telling him she wanted to see him on matters of the gravest importance. Moved from curiosity than admiration, he accepted the invitation. He was, however, still more perplexed when he beheld the magnificence of her house, and the very gracious welcome he received. After partaking of some refreshments, the lady narrated the fact of her long observation of his respectable conduct, adding that she had learned from his employers he was a highly moral and estimable young man, worthy of a better situation in society, and finally wound up by offering him her hand and heart. The lady being five-and-forty, while the gentleman was not twenty-two, and moreover engaged to a handsome young lady in the millinery department of the establishment where he was employed, he declined the \$30,000 which she held out as a bait. But alas for the inconstancy of man! After several interviews the widow prevailed, and he married her. After their marriage she refused to make over her real estate to him, much to his disappointment. About a week since he proposed to pay a visit to some friends a short distance in the country. His wife consented; but his non-appearance after a few days awakened her suspicions, and on inquiry she learned that the young lady had accompanied him in his flight. The desolate wife is now willing to give him full control of her property if he will but return to his home. At Chicago she heard the fugitives had gone further West.

Mr. Prentice and Mrs. Swishelm.

Our friend of the *Louisville Journal*, some years ago, happened to get the name of a wit, and since then he has always been saying something smart. The consequence is his gallantry occasionally suffers, for in an encounter of wits it is impossible to discriminate. The last exploit of Prentice is an assault on Mrs. Swishelm, whose lips he pronounces now not attractive. But let us not misquote him; here are the words: "Mrs. Swishelm denounces kissing at social company parties. She never denounced it when she was young and when her lips were attractive. How very proper these old ladies get to be! Why should not the recollections of their own youth teach them to have some sympathy with us young folks?" The idea of George, who is forty-nine next birthday (1st of April) calling himself one of "us young folks," is exquisite. It is almost as bad as calling Mrs. Swishelm old, when she is only fifty-one next 8d of September!

More Horrors.

The Chicago papers have accounts of the murder of a young English girl, whose name was unknown, in the town of Joliet, Illinois. The girl had been living with her mother, but had been seduced by one Richards, a house carpenter, forty years of age, well known in Joliet, and who has hitherto borne a good character. He is under arrest on a charge of murdering her. The last time the girl was seen alive she left her mother's house with him. He told her mother previous to the murder that he had sent the girl off for the purpose of having an abortion produced, and that she need give herself no uneasiness about her, as she would soon be home. Consequently no alarm was created at her absence. This was some three weeks ago. On Thursday last the men who were at work in one of the quarries at Joliet were much annoyed at a smell which became more and more offensive. In searching for it they found, buried beneath some refuse stones, a body of a female entirely naked. She had been smothered through the head. Both feet and both hands had been cut off and taken away. The body was otherwise mutilated, in order to prevent identification; but the mother has identified it by a description which has proved correct in every particular.

An Old Mystery Revealed.

We notice in a contemporary a statement which, if true, clears up the mystery of Mrs. Alston's death. It is no doubt known by all that she sailed from Charleston, South Carolina, to pay a visit to her father, the famous Aaron Burr. From that hour the ship was never heard of, the general opinion being it had been taken by pirates, and the crew and passengers murdered. It is now stated that a sailor has died recently in Texas, who confessed on his death-bed that he was one of the crew who mutinied on the voyage, seized the vessel, and then murdered the officers and passengers.

The Southern Commercial Convention.

There are now nearly 500 delegates gathered together in Montgomery, Alabama, discussing the propriety of adopting discriminating duties against the produce and manufactures of the North by means of taxes and licences. Mr. Yancey advocates the re-opening of the slave trade. Yancey is a decided sett-off against Fred Douglas and Beecher.

The Atrato Route to the Pacific.

The brig *Winthrop* arrived lately from Cartagena, New Granada. Messrs. J. Schmidt, L. Dwyer, J. De la Cruz and A. Seibert, agents for the United States expedition for surveying and verifying a proposed ship canal route across the Isthmus of Choco, by the way of the rivers Atrato and Truando, came passengers in her.

The Wigwag.

Tammany Society held their anniversary meeting on the 12th. The following persons were duly installed as Sachems and other officers: Andrew H. Mickie, Elijah F. Purdy, Edward Cooper, Thos. Dunlap, Geo. E. Baldwin, E. L. Donnelly, Joseph Marsh, W. D. Kennedy, Wm. C. Connor, Patrick Henry; Caspar C. Childs, Secretary; Isaiah W. Brown, Treasurer; Geo. L. Messer, Sugamore; and R. D. Letter, Wiskinkle. The remaining Sachems, Isaac V. Fowler, Emanuel B. Hart and Thomas B. Tappen, were installed on the 17th.

The Fate of the Pacific.

The death of Jessie Barber, aged four years and nine months, is announced in the Chicago papers. An extraordinary fatality seems to attend some families. Some of our readers may remember that Jabez Barber, of Chicago, with his wife and daughter, perished in the Collins steamer Pacific, in 1856. This little girl was then the only surviving member of the family, and by his will his entire property fell to her. In case of her death it was to revert to the next of kin. The nearest of kin are Mary Ann, Harriet and Lucy Barber, of Birmingham,

Mass., England, and Elias Bell, of Sinoes, C. E. At the time of his death his property was estimated at about \$250,000, and has increased in value to \$400,000. These ladies, who are, we believe, in straightened circumstances, will receive something over \$100,000 each.

Family Marketing.

Prices are much the same as last week. Fish are very cheap this week. Shad can be bought from 15c. to 30c. each; mackerel for 15c. each; sea bass for 6c. per lb.; salmon 75c. per lb.; while the most common fish, porgies and cod, were selling for 4c. to 6c. per lb. Meat is low, and the sales are light. Spring lamb is selling for 12c. to 15c. per lb. Veal is plenty and cheap, and the market is dull for all kinds of fresh meats.

There is little or no game in market. A few wild pigeon and English snipe and wild duck are all that can be had; they command high prices. Poultry is cheaper. Turkeys have fallen to 16c. and 15c. per lb., an unusually low price at this time of the year. The prospect is that they will be dearer before long. Fowls sell for 14c. to 16c. per lb., which is much lower than they were. Eggs are somewhat dearer than they were, though still cheap enough, nine and ten being given for 12c. Butter is cheap; what the retailers in the market call best, but which is really the second grade, sells for 25c. to 28c. per lb.

Bermuda potatoes sell for \$5 50 per barrel, which is high, nor is there much likelihood of their coming down in price, as the crop is reported to be very short. There are but very few tomatoes and no onions from that island, owing to a hail storm, which is reported to have damaged the crop irretrievably. Peas are coming in from Norfolk and Charleston plentifully, they sell from \$4 to \$5 per barrel; shelled peas were selling for 25c. per quart; asparagus sells for 12c. to 15c. per bunch, which is cheap enough; watercresses sell for 30c. per basket; onions for 62c. per basket; pie plant, 6c. to 8c. per bunch; and par-ley, radishes, leeks, &c., &c., for last week's prices.

There are a few hothouse strawberries and grapes in the city, but too few and too dear to be worth quoting.

We quote from the *Tribune*: "There is a glut in the market for milch cows. The exposures made of the utter abominations of the swill milk business in Frank Leslie's journal has played the dickens with the cow trade. We see the stables to-day are quite full of things called cows—miserable racks of bones, with a dirty skin over them. The reduced price of beef also affects the price of cows, which is ranging from \$25 to \$75, and sales very slow. We did not see or hear of a swill milkman about the cow stables this week trying to replenish his diseased stock.

"Veal calves are without change, that is, such as sell by the pound are worth 5¢ to 5½¢, and the kittens just what the miserable dogs who eat them will give for such dog's meat, say \$1 to \$2 a head."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

Parliamentary Summary from April 23 to May 1.

HOUSE OF LORDS.—April 23, the Bishop of Exeter introduced the subject of spiritual destitution, and moved the appointment of a select committee to report thereon. The Earl of Derby regretted spiritual destitution, and had no objection to a committee. The Duke of Marlborough, Lord Dunsannon and Lord Granville agree; the latter hoped, however, that no money would be given by Parliament for building churches. The Bishop of London said there were some parishes, with less than two hundred inhabitants, which paid \$6,000 per year to their pastor. The inequalities of the present ecclesiastical divisions were great.

April 27, the Oaths bill was discussed. After some debate between the Earl of Lincoln and Lord Lyndhurst, the first, second, third and fourth clauses were passed. On the fifth, which was for the purpose of admitting the Jews to the Lord Chancellor moved its omission, and censured the city of London for continuing to elect a Jew, which he said, was in defiance of the law. Lord Lyndhurst advocated the claims of the Jews, as also did Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. The Bishop of Cashel opposed their admission, although he professed much respect for the Jews. He added, "that he believed no good Jew would wish to enter it, as they would not enter the judgment seat of the Romans, lest they should be defiled." The peers then divided on the fifth clause, which was struck out by 119 to 80.

April 29, the Earl of Albemarle then presented a petition from Salford and Manchester, urging the restoration of the King of Oude to his dominions. The noble lord said that although he presented it, yet he could not advocate it, as it was now too late; he would, however, move a resolution that the practice of annexing the dominions of native princes was a flagrant violation of international law, derogatory to the Christian character, and dangerous to the stability of the British rule. The petition was ordered to lie on the table. The Marquis of Westmeath then moved a bill inflicting a penalty of a month's imprisonment upon all persons playing street organs, hurdy gurdies, &c. The Earl of Wilton opposed the bill as insolent and tyrannical. Lord Lyndhurst, in a most vigorous speech, also opposed it, maintaining that the poor had as much right to their street music as the nobility had to their opera. He warned their lordships of legislating on such frivolous subjects as street organs when India was in flames. The bill was negatived without a division. The King of Naples formed the subject of the next debate. Lord Alric declared that England ought to support Sardinia. The Earl of Malmesbury, in his explanation, uttered some remarkable sentences, among others, "It has become evident that the King of Sardinia is more anxious for war than to avert the results of diplomacy, and as war between those powers would no doubt result in a general European war, her Majesty's Government viewed the case with great anxiety." Lord Malmesbury added, that the great Powers of Europe took the same view as the British Government. The Duke of Argyll said he hoped the Indian bill would be carried through the present year, the interests of the empire being so important.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.—April 23, in reply to a question from Sir E. Perry, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, said that orders had been sent to India to protect the property of the natives, and to grant an amnesty in Oude to all except those engaged actively in the rebellion. The House then went into a Committee of Supply. The church rates were also discussed.

April 26, D'Israeli (Chancellor of the Exchequer), moved for leave to bring in his India Bill. This led to an extended debate between Lord Palmerston, Mr. Gladstone, Sir George Grey, Lord John Russell, and other prominent members. It was granted, as a matter of course. The battle, however, has to be fought which is to decide the stability of the Derby ministry. If it is beaten the Parliament will, of course, be dissolved, to give the people an opportunity of deciding between them.

April 27, Mr. Locke King (a descendant of the "Locke on the Understanding") then moved to bring in a bill to extend the elective franchise of England and Wales. D'Israeli said that it was the intention of the Government to bring in a comprehensive reform bill, he should therefore move the previous question. Lord John Russell advised the House to accept the present bill of Mr. King, as a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. The homely proverb seems to have told, for leave was given to bring in the bill. Mr. Pullen's resolution that there be some other method of raising money for church purposes then led to a long and animated debate. It was negatived by a large majority.

April 28, Mr. Caird's bill for providing agricultural statistics was discussed and negatived. Mr. Thomas Duncombe then obtained leave to introduce a bill to define the rights of the medical profession, and to protect the public from medical imposition. (We want a bill similar to this in our own city.)

April 29, Mr. Divett moved that it was inexpedient to legislate for India during the continuance of the present Government in office. This was received with immense laughter. Mr. Spooner then made his usual motion about Maynooth College, which, as usual, was lost by a large majority, the numbers being for it 156, against it 210.

April 30, nothing of importance transpired in the Lords. In the House of Commons Mr. D'Israeli's resolution in regard to the Government of India came up, when Lord Harry Vane moved, "that the change of circumstances since the first proposal by her Majesty's late advisers to transfer the Government of India from the East India Company to the Crown, renders it inexpedient to proceed further with legislation on the subject during the present session." The proposition was lost by a vote of 447 to 87. Mr. D'Israeli then moved his first resolution affirming the expediency of transferring the Government of India to the Crown, and after some debate the resolution was carried without a division, amid much cheering. The Chairman reported progress and the debate was adjourned till the 3d of May.

INDIA.

Telegraphic advices had been received in England to the 9th April. Sir Hugh Rose laid siege to Jhansi on the 27th March. On the 1st April 25,000 sepoy, with 180 guns, called the army of Peshwa, endeavored to raise the siege, but were defeated with a loss of 2,500 men. On the 2d the outer works were stormed and captured, and the garrison escaped in the night; they were followed and 3,000 more slain. The British loss was heavy.

At Rajpootana the sepoys had made a fierce attack on the palace of the Rajah of Kotah, but were repulsed by Gen. Roberts, who followed them and stormed their position. They fled and were much cut up by the English cavalry.

Col. Milman with a portion of the 37th Regiment were shut up at Aizulhur—detachments of their relief were on their way from Lucknow.

Nessa Sahib was at Shahjehanpore and the principal rebels with him. It is named in the clubs of London that Sir Colin Campbell was opposed to the taking of Lucknow, which he considered premature—his plan was to draw such a force around it as to render the escape of a single sepoy all but impossible, and thus to crush the very head and heart of the revolt.

As it was, most of them escaped to scatter their infectious presence throughout the land. In our World's Gospel we give a few graphic passages from Russell's dispatches to the Times.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

Our dates are to March 22. In his opening speech to the Colonial Parliament, the British Governor announced that it was the intention of the Queen's Government to confine the King of Delhi in Fort Coon, an English stronghold on the frontier.

The Rev. Mr. Wilson had been murdered by the Caffres.

Trade flourishing.

AUSTRALIA.

Our dates from this continent are Sydney, March 11; Melbourne, 17 a King George Sound, 23. The Sydney Parliament was opened on the 23d.

At Melbourne the Haines ministry had resigned and a new one formed, of which Mr. O'Shaunessy was Premier.

CHINA.

From Hong Kong are 15th March, at which date the American war-ship San Jacinto and Antelope were at anchor in that harbor. The Missionary was at Shanghai. Mr. Reed was at Manila on his way to Shanghai. A commission had been appointed to settle the boundary line between the British possessions and China. He is friendly to the English, being present at the negotiations in which he has contributed.

Lord Elgin has resolved to modify the coolie trade considerably, having visited Canton to ascertain the facts. A dispatch from the messenger dispatched by the French and English Plenipotentiaries to the Fou-tai, or Viceroy of Sou-tchou-fou, has been received. That functionary received them, according to M. Contades' account, very friendly, and transmitted the joint ultimatum of the Western Plenipotentiaries to the Emperor in Peking. An answer was expected in fifteen days. The Plenipotentiaries were on their way to Shanghai.

VENEZUELA.

The Rowena has brought us news from Caracas, 19th, and from Lagunayra, 20th April. She also conveyed the Commissioner appointed to invite the return of Gen. Paez to Venezuela. Great excitement prevailed at Caracas, in consequence of a scheme concocted by the new Minister for Foreign Affairs and the Foreign Diplomats to save Monagas from punishment. The Provisional Government had dismissed the Minister for his complicity. A special British Minister had arrived to settle the boundary line between the British possessions and Venezuela. A convention is to be held at Valencia, on the 5th July, for the formation of a constitution. The country is quiet. Ex-President Monagas is under the close surveillance of the police, but will not be tried until Paez returns. Considering all things, the Venezuelans have conducted their revolution like men of sense.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

The Tennessee arrived at New Orleans on the 11th May. Her news from Mexico is to the 4th inst. A decided change for the worse has taken place in the fortunes of Zolozaga, and his death may now be expected every day. Villaurri's forces had won one of the hardest battles ever fought in that country.

James, the Constitutional President, had been warmly welcomed at Vera Cruz.

The French journals in Paris are paying particular attention to the supposed proposal of Zolozaga, to sell a slice of Mexico to the United States. We suppose we could have it all for the asking.

Sandwich Islands.

Advised on 27th of March. The treaty with France had been signed, reducing, among other things, the duty on brandies.

Central America.

The Cass-Herran treaty had been so altered by the New Granadian Senate as to be virtually rejected. A large number of our war vessels were at Panama; but we hope they will insist upon reparation at the cannon's mouth for the massacre of our citizens on the 15th of April. If France or England "bite their thumbs" at us, we are ready to fight, lest we allow such beggarly mongrels as the Central American powers to murder our citizens and their wives and children with impunity.

Peru.

President Castilla had returned to Lima after his victory over the insurgents at Arequipa. In Chili the elections were proceeding with great spirit.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

The Perils has brought news from London to the 1st of May. The parliamentary news contains most of the important news. Nearly 200 members attended a meeting at the Premier's residence and promised their support. Should the Commons defeat his India bill he will dissolve Parliament.

From Paris we hear that considerable relaxations will be made in Napoleon's repressive policy. Espinasse would soon retire and a civilian take his place. The Paris conference had met to settle the boundaries between Turkey and Russia in Asia. The *Monteur* publishes a decree ordering 42,000 conscripts to join the army, to make it up to the strength fixed by the budget.

The law on the press and conspiracy has passed the Sardinian Chambers by 116 to 42.

Another heavy fall of snow in Constantinople. An illustrated St. Petersburg News has been published in Russia. The Emperor has also allowed newspapers to be sold by boys in the street as they are here and in London. King Lear has been translated into Russian and is shortly to be performed—Mr. Samoiloff in the chief character. Russia is advancing in a liberal policy rapidly. The Princess Hohenzollern was married by proxy, at Berlin, to the King of Portugal, on the 29th April.

There had been a fire in the St. Catherine's Docks, London, by which half a million of dollars had been destroyed.

On the 20th April 1,200 miles of cable were coiled in the Agamemnon and 800 miles in the Niagara—each ship will take 500 miles more than she actually requires.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

"Dinna ye hear the Slogan?"

The real origin of the relief of Lucknow and the pendency of the bagpipes seems to resolve itself into the following anecdote: The piper of the Highlanders, who had lost his way, suddenly found himself in the midst of the enemy's cavalry, one of whom was about to cut him down with his sabre. Sandy had broken his sword, fired his gun, and was entirely at their mercy. A bright idea struck him—he seized his bagpipes and gave one full blast. The enemy halted, considering it as an infernal machine. That saved his life!

The Misery of Knowledge.

Knowledge does not always conduce to happiness. It isn't pleasant to know how much red earth is in our cocoa, and that ground liver largely contributes to our coffee instead of honest chicory, and that bisulphuret of mercury forms the basis of our cayenne. A writer in *Blackwood* says that he once had as a guest a gentleman who took a great delight after breakfast in analysing the contents of the teapot. "This leaf (he would say) is fuchsia—just observe the serrated ends; it is not tea, but a positive poison. This is blackthorn—this privet—And so he went on."

A Murderer's Confession.

Lani has at last confessed that he murdered Heloise Thaubin. His account, however, is not credited by the authorities. He states that awaking in the middle of the night he found her rifling his pockets, whereupon he sprang up and caught her round the throat—to his surprise, he found, when he released his hold, that she was dead. For some time the horror of the discovery prostrated him, but the necessity of exertion, in order to escape, restored his faculties. He, therefore, prepared to depart. While dressing he perceived the jewels which he resolved to steal. Leaving the house quietly, he made the best of his way on board the vessel he was about sailing from England in, and was congratulating himself on his fortunate escape when the officers made their appearance at Gravesend, just as the ship was about to sail. He certainly would have escaped but for a day's delay, rendered necessary by an unmanageable cow breaking in her stall on board the vessel, and which compelled the captain to send on shore for carpenters to repair the damage. By the last accounts he was hanged at Newgate.

Nebuchadnezzar.

Every now and then we are called upon to show the strength of our credulity by some story which is at least part of our duty to believe, since it is founded upon some Scriptural fact. Most persons are like the old lady who would not believe that her grandson had seen a flying fish, although when he gravely told her he had dragged up one of the wheels of Pharaoh's chariot the week before in the Red Sea replied, "That's so—for we know by the Bible that the wheels were there!" Of this kind is the following: Colonel Rawlinson, in his eastern travels, unearthed a few of the very preserves which Nebuchadnezzar used to eat with so much satisfaction twenty-five hundred years ago, and sent some of them to Queen Victoria for her surprise and delectation. It is now added that one of the hunting-dogs of the same ancient individual has been discovered, embracing likenesses of some of his favorite dogs, and comments by his own hand written underneath.

Death of an Editor.

The London journals announce the death of R. S. Kintoul, the proprietor and editor of a Saturday paper called the *Spectator*. It was the newest and best arranged of all the London weeklies. Now that he is dead, his contemporaries discover some merit and goodness in the man; while living they never gave him a good word. He was a cold friend and a warm enemy, and his paper was a dump blanket to every noble sentiment. When he commenced the *Spectator* he had some excellent writers, such as Augustine Wade, Leigh Hunt and Egerton Webbe. These, however, gave place to such negations as Thornton Hunt, G. H. Lewes and *Acme*. Some years ago the editor of a volume of poems called "Chaucer Modernized," well-knowing that poetry came under his ban, resolved to earn, by some playful provocation, his adverse criticism. He therefore sent the volume to Kintoul, accompanied by a box of Cockle's Antipills. On the volume was written, "To be reviewed one hour after the pills are taken." While on the box was written, "To be taken one hour before the book is reviewed." R. H. Horne, who administered the double dose, caught it, for the antipills rather roused the bile of the old Scotch growler.

Jung Bahadur and Maun Sing.

The fidelity of Jung Bahadur to the English during the whole of their sepy revolt, and his great military efforts in their favor, are no doubt fresh in the minds of all, since, owing to our Southern Institution, we have a natural sympathy with the masters of India. On the other hand, Maun Sing at first joined Nana Sahib; he has, however, now sent in his adhesion to the conquerors, and made his peace with them. This was managed through Jung Bahadur, who, when Maun Sing began to make some explanations, interrupted the repentant rebel with, "Oh, don't make any excuses. Had I not visited London, it is likely I should have made the same blunder you did, and been on the other side myself!" This is really a candid hint!

Efficacy of the Gallows.

As a proof of how little public executions affect the minds of criminals, it is stated that at the recent execution of Giovanni Lani, who was hanged at London, fourteen pickpockets were caught in the act, and taken before the magistrates forthwith. We certainly manage these things better in America; although owing to the diseased sympathy of the Executive with enormous

criminals, the gallows here is more laughed at than feared. After the pardon of Maurice O'Connell, who was convicted, on the clearest evidence, of rape and murder, under circumstances so atrocious that they place every man's hearth in the power of these miscreants, such villains must consider a sentence of death as a capital joke!

Rare the Horse-Tamer.

The famous horse-tamer has written to "Iron's mouth," the *Times*, in which he denies that any one excepting his pupils know anything of his system of horse-taming. He also states that he has authorized the Messrs. Tattersalls to pay any one a thousand guineas if the latter will prove to them that he understands the Rarey system.

Jew Disabilities.

A correspondent informs us that the reason why Lord Derby and the Peers oppose the passing of the Jewish Emancipation bill is the fear they entertain of Rothschild ever becoming Chancellor of the Exchequer. He would, they opine, consider that national honor was so much stock, and raise or depress it to suit the market. D'Israeli, though a Jew born, is not a capitalist, and hence his success. Punch has a fair hit on his proposal to renew the Exchequer bonds falling due:

JOHN BULL TO BEN D'ISRAEL.

I've sixty-seven millions to pay,
And sixty-three millions to pay it,
"Retrench" is the cry of the day,
And I've come to ask you to essay it!

BEN'S REPLY.

Retrench, my dear John? No, not you?
What's the odds between *meum* and *tuum*?
You've four millions of bills coming due—
Well, what are bills meant for?—RENEW 'EM!

Punch also suggests the alteration of the oath from "in the true faith of a Christian," to "that the swearer firmly believes all the thirty-nine articles of the Christian faith!" This would exclude almost every form of religion, since not even all the Bishops do that!

Shelley's Abstraction of Mind.

The poet Shelley's thirst for knowledge was unquenchable. He set to work on a book or a pyramid of books, his eyes glistening with an energy as fierce as that of the most ardent gold-digger who works at a rock of quartz, crushing his way through all impediments, no grain of the pure ore escaping his eager scrutiny. I called on him one morning at ten; he was in his study with a German folio open, resting on the broad marble mantelpiece, and with a dictionary in his hand. He always read standing if possible. He had promised over night to go with me, but now begged me to let him off. I then returned to Leghorn, eleven or twelve miles distant, where I passed the day. On returning at six in the evening, to drive with Mrs. Shelley and the Williamses, as I had engaged to do, I went into the poet's room, and found him exactly in the position in which I had left him in the morning, but looking pale and exhausted. "Well," I said, "have you found it?" Shutting the book and going to the window he replied, "No, I have lost it," with a deep sigh; "I have lost a day." "Cheer up, my lad, and come to dinner." Putting his long fingers through his mass of wild tangled hair, he answered faintly, "You go, I have dined; late eating don't do me." "What is that?" I asked as I was going out of the room, pointing to one of his book-shelves with a plate containing bread and cold meat on it. "That?" said he, coloring; "why, that must be my dinner. It's very foolish; I thought I had eaten it."

FRANCE.

French Republican Selfishness.

In the recent debate in the Sardinian Chamber, Count Cavour stated that when the late King, Charles Albert, was preparing to measure swords with the Austrians, he sent General Marmora, so honorably distinguished in the Crimean war, to ask the aid of a distinguished French general, Marshal Bugeaud, who was most anxious to command the Sardinian army, if he had permission of the French Government. Both Cavaignac and Lamartine refused their consent, and the latter exposed his French selfishness by saying, "I will never suffer the Mediterranean to become an Italian lake!" So much for the real love of freedom in such bogus Republicans as Lamartine and his class!

French Loyalty.

A reliable authority assures us that the following is a true account of the daring manner in which a Paris youth took the Emperor in his arms and kissed her a dozen times fervently. Louis Napoleon may be a despot, but he is decidedly not jealous. At the moment when excitement, alarm and confusion were at their acme, a circumstance occurred of the most comic kind to the intended victims of the infernal machine. The Emperor had just stepped out of his carriage on the occasion of the invitation of Lanet, of the bleeding countenance, and had turned, shocked and horrified, to contemplate the one hundred and fifty wounded people who were writhing around him, when he felt his hand grasped by an unknown man of apparently low rank in life, who warmly congratulated him on his escape. Thanking the man hurriedly, the Emperor resumed, as I have said above, his regard for the sufferers, and gave orders for attention to them. His intrusive felicitator turned from him in equal haste, took the Emperor in his arms, lavished on her his compliments on her escape, and kissed her a dozen times. When the Emperor entered her box, and recounted the incidents of the explosion and its consequences as far as she was concerned, she added, "And I was kissed with warmth by some person, but by whom I cannot conceive." "It was no doubt the same friend who shook my hand," said the Emperor.

Morse, or Remorse.

It is contemplated by the foreign Powers to make Mr. Morse some substantial proof of their appreciation of the services he has rendered the world by his wonderful system of telegraphic communication. The correspondent of the London Post says "half a million of francs!"

The Man-Tamer.

Punch gravely announces that Mr. Rarey, the American horse-tamer, has offered, for a valuable consideration, to instruct Louis Napoleon how to tame a Red Republican! He is to commence with Felix Pyat. So far as a nation is concerned, Louis Napoleon is himself the rarest of all tamers. The only question is, will it be permanent?

Always in the Way!

The Paris gossips say that the Prince Napoleon is always getting in the Emperor's way. He is mightily like the Great Napoleon in face, figure and voice; there, however, the analogy ends. Of course everybody knows that Louis Napoleon himself never had a legitimate father—but we won't be scandalous. At last he has persuaded him to take the Viceroyship of Algiers. It is rumored that the Man of Destiny has been trying hard to get the Princess Mary of Cambridge to marry his cousin, as that would disgust the French. We are afraid that "Mounseer" is a very narrow-minded young gentleman!

The Death Waltz.

Considerable curiosity has been aroused in Paris by the approaching marriage of a beautiful American belle with a French nobleman of the Monte Christo style. He is enormously rich, has the most lustrous eyes, is pale, symmetrical, blandly grave, and endowed with a voice sweeter than honey, and deeper than a woman. The mystery is much enhanced by a little incident last season which threw, at the time, an almost supernatural interest around him. At a grand ball given by the Russian ambassador there was a young lady present so angelically fair that she became the observed of all observers. When the Count de — (our hero) arrived, although they had never met before, it was noticed they seemed naturally attracted to each other. After an introduction they became engaged in a deep—nay, an absorbing conversation, which created considerable curiosity. Towards midnight they were challenged to dance, and the Count led the fair Mlle. Rosetta de Mortoum out to a waltz, the music of which was Weber's last. Never had a more beautiful couple graced the mazzy paths. By degrees they became more and more animated, their eyes grew almost lurid with excitement, and, after the event, a keen observer remarked that as those of the mysterious Count became more and more lustrous, those of his fair partner grew dimmer and dimmer. It seemed as though they were fascinated by their pastime, for when the set was over the Count waved his hand to the musicians to continue their playing. It was evident, however, that the lady was becoming somewhat languid with such sustained exertion, for she seemed to almost rest in the Count's arms. At last the hostess came up and said, "The supper waits." As the count was about leading his fair partner to her seat he discovered that she was dead. He had been dancing the last waltz with a corpse. It is also worthy of remark that such is the strange, spectral interest attached to this mysterious Count, that since that event he has never been able to get a lady to dance with him, and even his affianced bride has assured him that, although she is not afraid to marry him, she will never dance with him.

INDIA.

Storming Scenes in Lucknow.

That brilliant writer, the special correspondent of the London Times, has in his last letter given some vivid sketches of the storming of Lucknow. We have only space for a few brief extracts. The work was much harder than is believed. Russell says: "The only way of getting at the enemy was by a hole, mis-called a breach, and battering in the door by our guns, so narrow and low, that not more than one man could enter at a time, and then only by bending his head. But to avail themselves even of this mode of entrance our men had to struggle through the outer breach, or to clamber up the steep bank of the ditch, where, impeded by their numbers in the narrow space, as they made for the inner breach, they were held in check under the enemy's fire till some of them forced their way in the bricked-up windows, which led them in small dark rooms filled with sepoys." And how life-like is this sketch of after the fight. "Held by such troops as those who assaulted the place, the Begum's palace had been impregnable to infantry. Entering with difficulty through the suffocating breach, rank with hot air, gunpowder and dead bodies, I passed into the first of the courtyards, in which the fight took place. It was filled with exultant Highlanders, still flushed with the heat of victory—Sikhs burning gold and silver tissue and lace, for the sake of the metals." He relates how one man sprang through an open window into the midst of the sepoys: "Brigadier Adrian Hope pointed out to me the narrow window through which he had leaped in upon the enemy. How a man could have escaped who entered in such a fashion is beyond my comprehension. But there were few slain outright, for the apparition of these brave soldiers alone unmoved the hands of their enemies. Many fled at once, and were pursued and shot down in the courtyards without offering resistance; others fired their muskets or matchlocks once, made a wild thrust with the bayonet, and ran also; others, surprised in holes and corners, fought with the ferocity of wild beasts. One officer of the Ninety-third killed with his own hand eleven sepoys, whom he shot with his revolver or sabred in the courtyard. The sepoys and matchlock men fled

from court to court to yards the Imambarah and the outworks of the Kaiserbagh. Onward went the torrent of Sikhs and Highlanders after them." Our space will only allow us to give one brief passage describing the Begum's palace after the storming: "At five the Begum's palace was ours, and Sikhs and Highlanders were rioting amid the mirrored and many lustrous saloons, still filled with magnificent shawls and scarfs, and such valuable articles as the ladies of the palace were unable to carry off in their flight. These rooms, however, had been for the most part occupied by sepoys, and, except those of the Zenana, they were all in a very filthy and disorderly state. Very soon every mirror was shattered to atoms, chairs of state were in fragments, and the glass of lustrous dished to the ground, so that the drops and crystals lay like a pavement on the floors."

CHINA.

There is a mixture of simplicity and cunning in the Chinese documents very ludicrous. The Emperor, in his edict degrading Yeh, thus says:

"Holding the office of Imperial Commissioner for the direction of the affairs of the barbarians, Yeh Ming-ching ought to have devised means to keep in check the said barbarians, if their demands were indeed so unreasonable and extravagant that they could not be granted; also he ought to have conferred with the Commandant, the Governor, and other officers of the city, so that measures for soothing and controlling them might have been seasonably adopted. Thus, day after day, for a long time, he dallied with and put off the barbarians, till, excited to wrath, they suddenly entered the provincial city. So very self-sufficient and obstinate was he, perverse and reckless, utterly disregarding the duties of his high commission. Let Yeh Ming-ching, therefore, be immediately degraded from office."

This is saying that if he could not conquer the barbarians he was to humbug them. The French messenger, when in Sou-tchou-fou, thus relates a short conversation with the Governor of that city:

"What are you going to do with Yeh?" said the Fou-tai. One of the gentlemen present said he had gone to Calcutta. "Will you kill him?" said Tai, in an indifferent sort of voice. I replied that his Excellency badly understood the generosity of their ambassadors and of their governments if he thought they took vengeance on a fallen enemy. He then asked when the ambassadors would come to Shanghai, and, without fixing a date, we thought it advisable to say that it would take place soon. During the interview the Fou-tai charmed us by his elegance and politeness. His face, which is almost European, is very intelligent. His manners are those of a man who has mixed with the best society."

Art Intelligence.

At the Strand a lively farce, called "Your Likeness for a Shilling," has been produced with some applause. The fun turns upon a bankrupt tailor turned photographer; when a lady comes to have her portrait taken, his ignorance, which he conceals under a variety of dodges, so alarms her, that out of her fright the audience derives its amusement.

At the Princess's Charles Kean is running his stock-pieces of "Faust and Marquise" and "Lear," his last revival.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed have produced a new entertainment called "After the Ball." It is well spoken of.

St. James's Hall, the new music hall, turns out to have one fault—the music cannot be heard in it—owing to the orchestra being placed in an alcove, which is very pretty, architecturally, but very damaging, acoustically.

Mlle. Titiana has created so great a *furore* in the musical world that she draws without any novelty. The Queen has been to hear her three times and in the same opera, "Gli Ugonotti." Her next part is to be Leonora in "Il Trovatore." In *cantabile* pieces, and in all passages which depend upon dramatic expression, she is pronounced undeniably excellent, and with such a flexible organ and excellent method, it is more than probable she will excel in florid music. Madame Alboni will sing the part of Azucena, the Gipsy—Giuglini as Manrico.

At the Philharmonic Society's second concert the celebrated violinist, Joachim, created an enthusiasm equal to the old Paganini fever by his performance of Beethoven's concerto and the famous Sonata del Diavolo.

PRUSSIA.

Is it Forgery or Politics?

The New York Times well remarks that the pertinacity with which the Prussian authorities pursue Dettling, or Dressler, whose romantic adventures in Paducah, Kentucky, and elsewhere, we recorded in our last, justifies the belief that some motive much stronger than a fraud of a few thousand dollars actuates it. It must be remembered that this is the second expedition King Cligot has sent after his stray bird, and now we read that it will be necessary to bring over here the witnesses from Prussia to testify *vis-à-vis* to his offence.

Royal Industry.

As to the pure all things are pure, we have no objection to inform our married readers that the *Allemande Zdzewy* privately and confidentially announces that Queen Victoria cannot visit Berlin this year, as she will be busy in building her nest. There seems to be a great desire to increase the royal population, since Eugenie of France, Victoria of England, Isabella of Spain, the Empress of Austria and the Princess Royal of Prussia are all "as ladies wish to be who love their lords."

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Fashions for May and June.

The early spring straws, with silk crowns, are laid aside to make room for the "May Queen"—a charming style, combining the most graceful elegance with a coquettish simplicity. The front is very open, and composed of imperial straw, or March chip, with a crown of full illusion, and transparent curtain. Over the crown and extending upon the front is a *coiffure* of exquisite blonde, with barbes which drop over the curtain. A half wreath of wild roses, with trailing buds and leaves, disposed with careless yet graceful effect, is the only ornament. The full stiff ruffles, which have been so long in vogue, are wholly laid aside in all imported bonnets. A bandeau with a few crystallized leaves and buds mixed with blonde are tastefully arranged.

The most exquisite bonnets for summer are made of tulle and fine pointed blonde, in alternate waves; the only trimming, deep green crystal leaves.

Mantles even for full dress are daily increasing in size, frequently touching the hem of the dress behind.

For promenade dress, India and summer silks in small checks are greatly in favor. The finer the check the better. These are made with double skirts; the upper are two-thirds the length of the lower, and trimmed up the sides with tartan plaid ribbons. A still later trimming consists of white side bands, composed of silk and linen, with a ribbon edge. These are barred with scalloped rows of fancy-colored fringe, with a "glimmering" of the white foundation visible. It is very pretty and summery in appearance, and extremely well adapted to its purpose.

Spring fringes for dresses in solid colors are exceedingly attractive. The depth is about three inches, including the heading, which is very heavy, and worked in mossy tufts and blocks. The body of the fringe is made of plain leading silk, but at short intervals are crimped tassels, generally composed of variegated colors.

For little girls they continue to make the dresses more with double skirts than with flounces. The upper skirt is open and rounded at the corners. Low bodies made high, with white muslin chemisettes and short sleeves, are pretty; the body trimmed with narrow fringe and plaited ribbon to match; the skirt should be trimmed like the body. Plaids, small and large, are worn, both for girls and boys. For little girls, small checked silks are pretty for afternoon, and Carmelite or plain mouseline de laine for morning wear. Later in the season, plain chambrays are prettiest, in buff or violet blue. The morning dresses are pretty, trimmed with narrow shawl borders, or with velvet of a different color to the material. Plain whole-colored materials will bear a little smart trimming.

Very long, tight, out-door jackets are still worn either in velvet, thin cloth or glacé silk; if made to fit well, they are graceful-looking on young ladies. The loose jackets remain favorites with some mamma's, as they leave the arms and body free.

We have for the spring a pretty new hat for young ladies—a decided improvement on the old round one; it partly resembles the old-fashioned Gipsy hat worn many years ago, being part hat and part bonnet. These hats are to be had in white chip or plain straw, and will, we think, be preferred for general wear to the round hat.

The Tenderness and Fidelity of Woman.

The superior fortitude of woman is as apparent as her tenderness and constancy—this we have the evidence of all experience to prove. The same angelic qualities which earned for her the praise eighteen hundred years ago of being the last at the cross and first at the tomb, are equally as vital now—for in the "Report of Prisons," published in England, we read:

"It is a significant fact in the experience of prison-keepers, that while wives constantly visit and console with their husbands, when imprisoned, husbands seldom or never visit their erring wives in prison, but almost invariably desert them in their trouble. And yet, how many of these poor women have suffered brutality at the hands of their criminal husbands!"

The Science of Beauty.

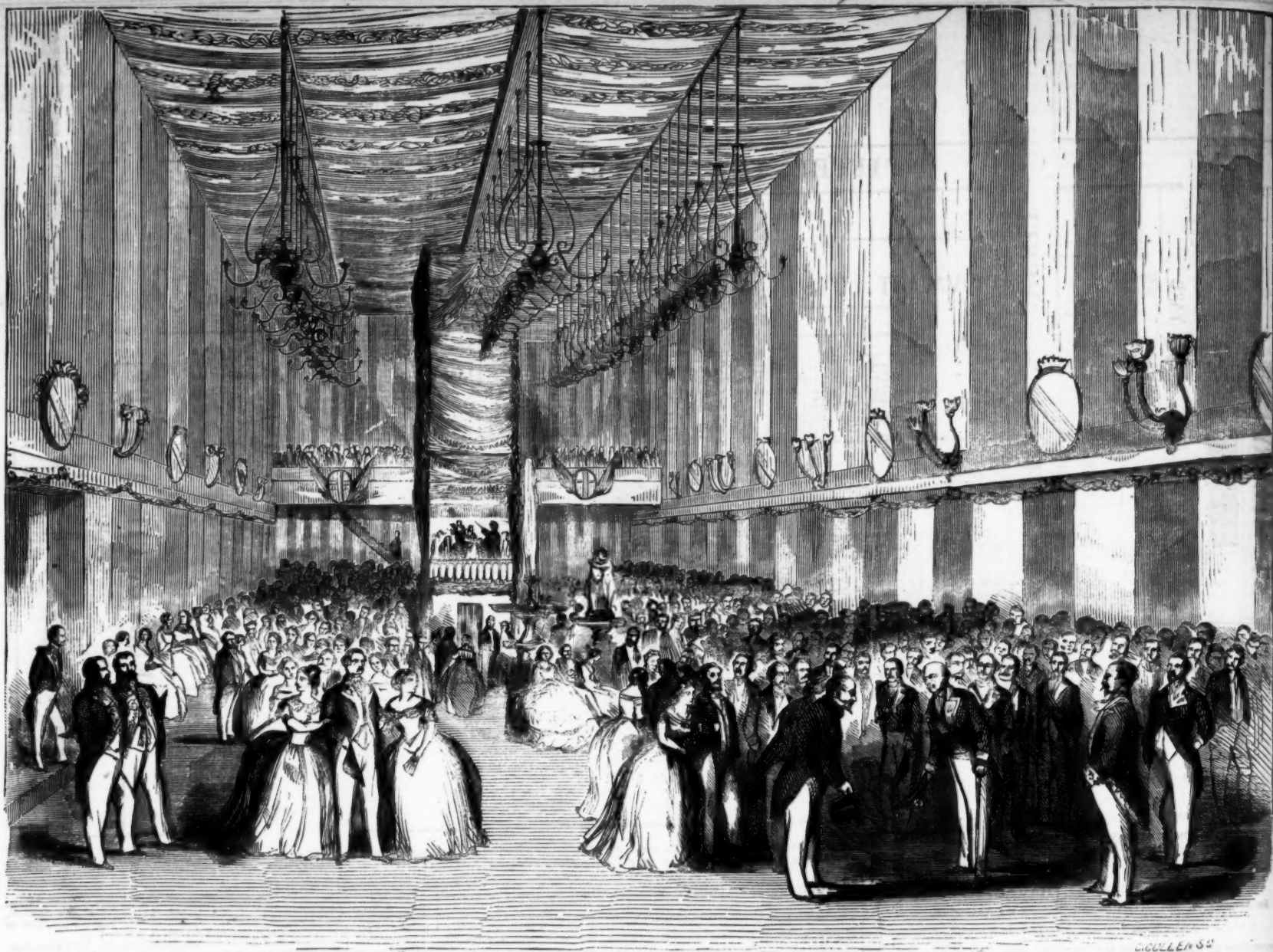
The desire to make ourselves handsomer than we have been made by Nature, although shared by both sexes, is cultivated more by the ladies, who, however, require it least. An impudent author (masculine gender, of course) has said that it is to render themselves more worthy the distinguished consideration of man. But whatever the reason may be, it is no doubt laudable, for we do not see why the body may not be as much improved by cultivation as the mind.

The great preservative of beauty is one too much neglected—we mean regular exercise in the open air, and good stout shoes. As a nation, we are decidedly early risers.

In a fashionable paper we observe the following, which the editor calls the "Bath of Beauty":

"Take two ounces of pearl barley, four ounces of bran, one ounce of ground rice, two ounces of orris root, three ounces of fresh house leek and half a dozen fry leaves; boil the above together in a gallon of water. Elder or rose water is the best; but if difficult to procure, plain rain water will do. Let the ingredients boil for one hour; then strain. When cold, add any spirituous perfume that is agreeable. This decoction forms an excellent wash to cleanse and purify the skin, and makes it bright, clear and soft. To make a larger or smaller quantity, the ingredients can be adjusted accordingly."

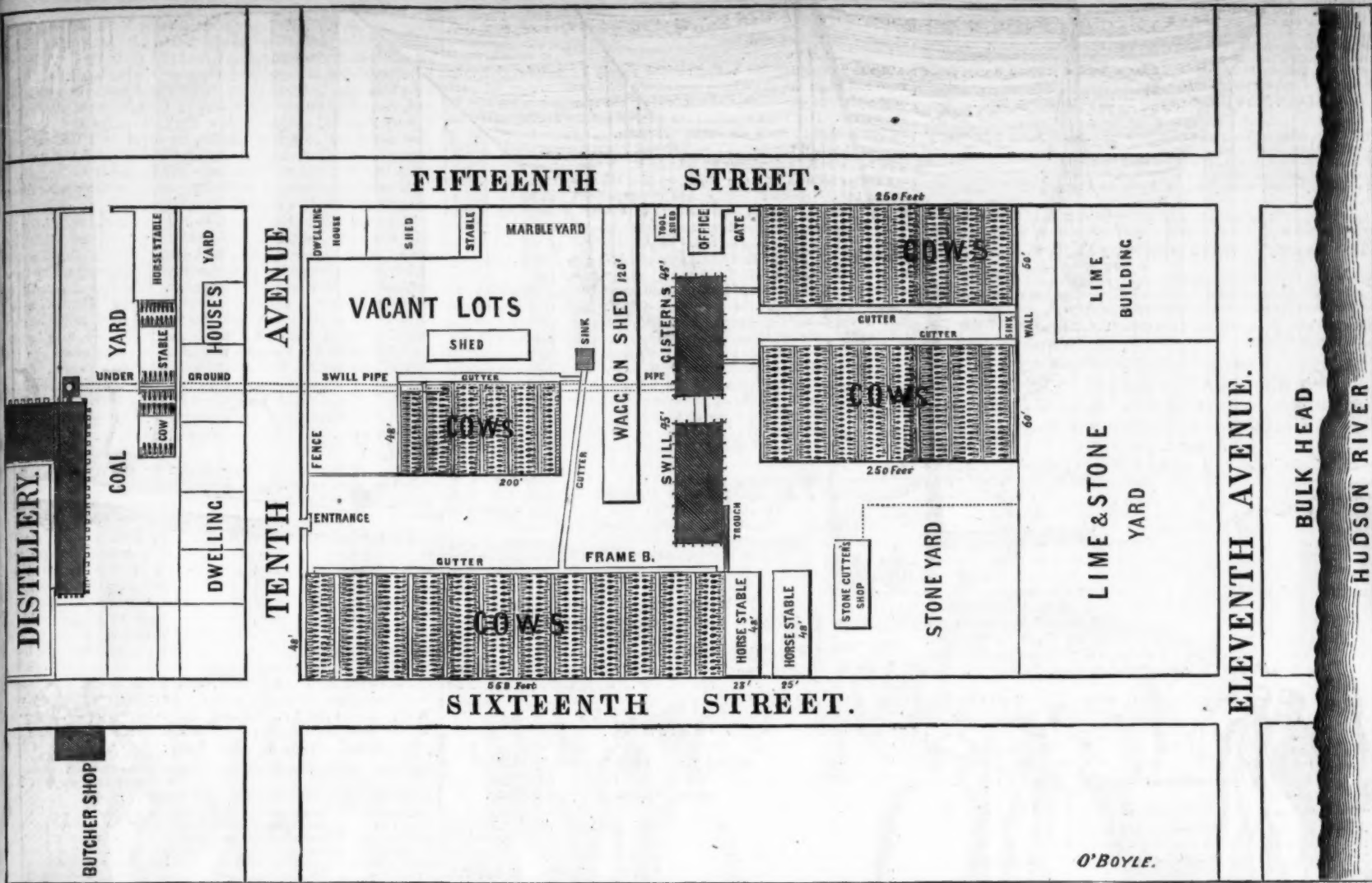
A DOCTOR went to bleed a dandy, who languidly exclaimed, "O doctor, you're a great butcher." To which the doctor replied, "O, yes, I'm used to sticking calves."



RECEPTION AND BALL, AT HAVANA, DURING THE ROYAL FETES HELD IN HONOR OF THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



COURT-MARTIAL ON GENERAL TWIGGS, HELD AT NEWPORT, KY., APRIL 29 AND 30. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.



PLAN OF MESSRS. JOHNSON'S SIXTEENTH STREET COW STABLES, N. Y. FROM A DIAGRAM IN THE HEALTH COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE, WITH ADDITIONAL DETAILS, SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE COWS IN THE STABLES, ETC. SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY OUR ARTISTS.

ROYAL FETES AT HAVANA,
In Honor of the Birth of the Prince of Asturias.
(Continued from No. 128.)

The reception at the palace in the evening was one of the most brilliant assemblages ever congregated within these princely halls, celebrated for their refined elegance and noble hospitality. The ball was splendid in all its particulars; it was a happy mixture of the court ceremony and the civic geniality. The elite of Havana was present—the fashionable world—the military and the civic world, all mingling in the elegant festivities of the scene and yielding to the fascinations of the dance; and dancing with

the beautiful señoritas possesses a charm which no pen can accurately depict.

The enjoyments of the ball were kept up until a late or rather very early hour in the morning, when the company separated mutually delighted, and regretting that the pleasant hours had passed so quickly away.

"No pen or pencil can ever attempt a description of the illuminations—every house was adorned with flags and curtains, and illuminated, the palace and other public buildings most tastefully and brilliantly. If the general appearance of joyousness that was exhibited that day may be taken as a proof of the loyalty of the people of this city and island to the Spanish throne, then the Queen of Spain may well feel satisfied that the inhabitants of Cuba, now, at least, possess feelings that well deserve to render it what it is called in all State documents, 'the ever-faithful isle.'"

COURT-MARTIAL ON GEN. TWIGGS.

Our engraving represents an event which has caused considerable excitement in all military circles. We mean the Court-Martial held at Newport Barracks, over which General Jesup presided. It was convened to try General Twigg on these charges:

Insubordinate conduct, to the prejudice of good order and military discipline.

Specification First.—In that he, commanding the Department of Texas, having received War Department Special Orders No. 123, of 1857, did, at San Antonio, on the 29th October, 1857, in contempt of said Orders, appoint a Court of Inquiry to examine matters adjudged and decided in said Orders.

Specification Second.—In that he did, at San Antonio, on the 14th December, 1857, in contempt of the President's Orders aforesaid, publish Orders to the troops under his command, confirming a report of said Court of Inquiry, contradicting a decision pronounced in the President's Orders aforesaid.

Specification Third.—In that he having received from the War Department, in a letter dated January 16, 1858, instructions in regard to the breaches of discipline set out in the specifications aforesaid, with Orders to publish said Instructions to the Department of Texas, he did, at San Antonio, Texas, on the 8th February, 1858, in contempt of the obedience and submission due to the said decision of the President, accompany the publication to the troops under his command, with a commentary on the Instructions, designed to contradict and refute them, and denouncing them as a "poison," and appealing from the Order of the President to the troops under his command.

To which charge and specifications the accused pleaded "Not Guilty."

When called upon for his defence, the old soldier spoke with great energy, evidently carrying with him the sympathies of a crowded Court; he concluded with these words:

While I do not wish to be understood as repeating here what is sustained in that explanation, yet neither can I here, or anywhere, retract or modify one sentence of it, unless lights not now before me shall show me that I was wrong. This act on my part was not designed to contradict or refute the instructions of the President. My design was to defend myself. What inferences others may draw from it, or to what construction it may lead them, I know not, nor am I responsible for it. If I used language, in endeavoring to justify myself, capable of misconception, I cannot help it. I am not responsible for the misconstructions of others. I used language in common use, which had no other meaning than what it immediately expressed. I may have been unfor-



APPARATUS ON THE OUTSIDE OF MESSRS. JOHNSON'S DISTILLERY IN SIXTEENTH STREET, FOR CONVEYING THE SWILL-SLOPS FOUR FEET UNDERGROUND TO THE COW STABLE TANKS. ON OUR PLAN THIS PIPE IS INDICATED BY A DOTTED LINE. THIS APPARATUS IS SITUATED IN A COAL-YARD ON FIFTEENTH STREET.



ATTACK UPON ONE OF OUR DETECTIVES BY A SWILL-MILKMAN, AT THE CORNER OF CANAL AND LAURENS STREETS. FOR DESCRIPTION SEE ROUTE NO. 6, IN LAST WEEK'S PAPER.

fortunate in the use of terms, but my error was of the head, not of the heart. As for being disrespectful to the President, or assuming to revise his decisions, I consider the charge too ridiculous to notice. I conceive this Court-Martial to have grown out of an entire misapprehension of facts by the Secretary of War. Had they been correctly understood, I had not been a prisoner to-day before the Court. I have no more to say.

The verdict of the Court was given next morning, thus:

FINDINGS OF THE COURT.

The Court, after mature deliberation, finds the accused, Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs, as follows:
First Specification, Guilty, except the word 'contempt.'
Second Specification, Guilty, except the word 'contempt.'
Third Specification, Guilty; and, Guilty of the Charge.

SENTENCE.

And the Court does sentence him, Brevet Major-General David E. Twiggs, United States Army, to be reprimanded by the President of the United States.

This was duly forwarded to Secretary Floyd, who ordered:

WAR DEPARTMENT, May 10, 1888.

The verdict of the Court-Martial in the trial of Major-General Twiggs is approved; but in consideration of his distinguished services, and of the unanimous recommendation of the Court, the sentence is remitted.

He has also been ordered to resume the command of the Department of Texas.

THE DEAD LADY'S RING.

(Commenced in No. 126, which can be had from all News-Agents.)

PART II.—EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN.

CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

He waited—for hours, as it seemed to him, to judge by the burning thoughts which chased each other through his brain—but the clock on the mantelpiece, with its steady, passionless hands had only reached over a space of forty minutes. Léonie, according to her usual practice, tapped at the study door. She was dressed as when she had left him in the morning. The expression of her eyes, clear and confiding, and merrily confronting his own, staggered her husband, strange as were the tales with which his practice had brought him acquainted, and believing, as he did, that with women all things are possible. It had entered into his crude, and, as yet, unformed plan, to suffer no trace of suspicion to peep forth and to receive his wife in the usual manner. But despite all his efforts, he could not so far conceal what he felt, but that the first exclamation of Léonie on entering, was, "Good Heavens, Henri! what is the matter? You are ill!"

He was glad to seize the pretext. "Yes, very ill," he replied, "a twinge of my old complaint, of *gastrite*. Not a very serious one in itself, but producing, while it lasts, a feeling of melancholy which nothing can shake off. You must expect to have a very dull companion in me for the next week or so; but at the end of that time, with care, I shall be quite restored. And you—how have you been spending the day?"

"As usual, at my mother's. She sends her kind love, of course. But Henri, do you know that you are looking very ill?" She took his hand in hers and kissed him on the forehead. It cost him a great effort to sit quiet under that Judas-like kiss which burnt like fire into his brain.

"Oh, never mind me," he said, putting her aside with an air of peevishness, "I am a doctor and can take care of myself. Besides, as I tell you, the malady has nothing serious in its nature; only, I dare say I shall be a little fretful and impatient while the attack lasts. So you have just come from your mother's! You must have had a cold ride home! What time did you say that you had left St. Cloud?"

"I did not say anything about it," replied Léonie, laughing. "But if you wish to know, I left St. Cloud at two o'clock this afternoon; that is to say, just five hours ago."

"Oh, then, you have been somewhere else since," said the doctor, in a tone of affected indifference.

"What a conjurer to tell that! Well, I should imagine so, considering that I have only just this moment returned home."

"Where?"

"Curieux! If I did not know you as I do I should almost fancy that your question was dictated by jealousy, like that of the horrible black Englishman—no, the black man in the English play—that Talma was so great in last year. Just to punish your curiosity, I shall not tell you for the present where I have been calling, or what has detained me, but shall suffer you to conceive the most horrible suspicions of my fidelity." She said this playfully, shaking her little forefinger at him, and in the tone of one too well assured of her husband's confidence to fear jesting, even on such a subject. "And now, *mon cher*," she added, seriously, "you really must attend to yourself and allow me to nurse you for the next few days. Your pulse is at fever heat, your skin hot and clammy; I never saw you so peevish before. I must be your doctor this time, and I commence by ordering you to bed."

Doctor Longjumeau was in a terrible dilemma, and he wondered that his wife failed to perceive that his sufferings flowed from a mental and not a bodily source. Perhaps she did not choose to perceive it. Yet, watch her as he would, he could discover no trace of suspicion on her part. Was he only now for the first time embarked on that vast ocean of deceitfulness, a woman's heart—and had all his former supposed knowledge on that head been but the gambols of a child on the seashore? He had gained nothing by his conversation with her; in the form in which it had taken place, it was impossible that he should. Should he charge her at once with what he knew and demand an explanation? But to *brusquer* matters in this way might turn out a mistake. She would furnish him with some plausible pretext which he could not decline to accept, and, warned of her peril, she would arrange matters differently for the future, so as to render the attainment of anything like certainty on his part doubly difficult. He preferred, on reflection, to wait patiently till the following Saturday—which was obviously the day of her assignments—and then to put in execution a plan of his own.

In the meanwhile the state of his mind had reacted on his body, so that his illness was no longer assumed, but real. During the ensuing week he stayed entirely at home, receiving only such patients as came to visit him in his study. Léonie remained constant in her attendance upon him, never once leaving the house. She was naturally chagrined at his coldness and ill-humor towards her, but did not seem to attribute them to any other cause than that which he assigned. As the Saturday drew near he did not fail to notice certain peculiarities in her manner. She grew restless and fidgety in her movements. Her pulse beat unnaturally high. At times she could not remain seated in the same chair for five minutes together; at other times she remained for a long while as it were stupefied in a kind of reverie. More than once she looked at him in a strange way, as if gathering herself up for some important communication or request, then hesitated, and turned off the subject to her mother, and the loneliness of her situation at St. Cloud. He thought he knew what these signs meant, and it suited his plan to meet her half way. "Léonie," he said to her, on the Friday night, "you will, of course, visit your mother as usual to-morrow?"

He could not but observe the sudden expression of relief which flashed over her face, as he spoke. "I—I certainly would have liked to go, on some accounts," she replied. "La petite mère would picture to herself that some misfortune had happened; that your illness was much more serious than it really is, if I did not make my appearance. But dearest, how can I leave you?"

"You will not leave me. A country ride will do me good. I will accompany you?"

He watched her narrowly, and he saw that her countenance fell. There was a startled, horrified look in her eyes, which she kept averted from his. "She is guilty, and she sees now that I suspect it," thought the doctor to himself.

"Upon the whole, *mon ami*," she said, after a pause, still keeping her eyes averted, "I think I will not go to St. Cloud to-morrow, but write to my mother instead."

"So be it," replied her husband; "all the better; you will stop at home to take care of me."

Léonie did not answer.

The next morning her agitation had visibly increased. Her eyes were red when she came in to breakfast. She gave random answers to the plainest questions, and alluded, for the first time in her life, to her nerves. Her hand shook as she poured out the cooling draughts for her husband; once she broke the phial. Towards the middle of the day it suited the doctor's plan to find himself much worse, and to take to his bed. Léonie sat by his pillow. More than once he caught her eyes wandering to the clock on the mantel-piece. It had just struck two. "She will not be able to go out—she will be obliged to write," said the doctor to himself; "and in that case I shall know all." Indeed, he had not been above making arrangements with his old servants, upon whom he could count, in virtue of which a letter confided to any of them by madame would be sure to find its way back into his hands.

Three o'clock struck. Half-past three. She was handling the tassels of the bed curtains; she was beating with the tip of her little foot on the flowers of the carpet; she was hurrying every now and then to the window, to watch the heavy rain plashing down into the street. He never remembered to have seen her look at herself in the glass so often as during this half hour. With her embroidery before her she did not advance a dozen stitches, but admired her foot and ankle instead. He noted all these symptoms with the feelings of a man looking at the erection of his own scaffold, and, as plank succeeds to plank in the fatal structure, losing the last faint hope of a reprieve. Only twelve months married, and it had come to this! Then he thought of the dead lady's ring. The very day he had parted with it this misfortune had come upon him. No; the knowledge of his misfortune. And would it, after all, have been better to remain ignorant? "Was Othello right?" he wondered. The clock was pointing to four in the afternoon, when Léonie rose quietly from her chair, and laying down her embroidery, bent over him with a face pale, but perfectly resolved. He had never seen such an expression on her face before; it struck him as something far more terrible than her previous agitation.

"*Mon cher*," she said, "I must leave you now for a short time."

"Very well, Léonie. You will be back, I suppose, in a few minutes?"

"I shall not be back before seven o'clock, at the earliest."

It was the doctor's turn to exhibit emotion now, but he succeeded in restraining himself. "Seven o'clock! Why, then, you must be going out of doors?"

"Yes."

"In the midst of a storm of wind and rain?"

"I shall take a carriage."

"And leave me here seriously, not to say dangerously ill?"

"I am sorry—very sorry to be obliged to go, dearest Henri, and shall long for the moment when I can fly back to your bedside. But there is no alternative."

"Of course it is something of the last importance which takes you abroad under these circumstances?"

"Something important."

"Dear me! It is strange that you should not have mentioned this to me before. And of what nature is your errand?"

"I cannot answer your question."

"Then, you have secrets from your husband?"

"I have this one secret."

"And you think it, of course, perfectly right and proper"—in face of her hideous *sangfroid*, he was getting less and less able to contain himself—"you think it just and proper, no doubt, that you should leave the house whenever you think fit, for hours at a time, without condescending to inform your husband into what company you are going! We should have understood this before signing the marriage contract."

"I think no such thing. I am not so unreasonable. On certain Saturdays, since our union, I have been compelled to keep an appointment, the nature of which I—I am unable to inform you of. Bitterly do I now regret having placed myself under this obligation; but once undertaken, and there was no choice. You see I have told you no untruths, nor sought in any way to deceive you. The appointment of to-day is, thank God, the last that I shall be compelled to keep; and from next week forward I will never leave your side, if you so will it—no, not for an hour at a time."

"Her lover is called away on some business," thought the unfortunate doctor.

She bent over him and kissed him. "You will never have cause, Henri," she said, solemnly, "to regret the confidence which you repose in your wife." He looked round, after a moment, with another question on his lips. She was gone.

She was gone! He heard the bed-room door close behind her; and he had not put forth a hand to stop her—had not confounded her by a revelation of what he knew—of her disguise, her visits to one of the most loathsome parts of the city! In the presence of her unexpected assurance, all his plans had melted into thin air. The sound of wheels rolling under the *porte-cochère* showed him that she had left the house. To whom would she be talking and lying in the course of another hour? He grew very hot and feverish at these thoughts. The clock on the mantel-piece ticked so loud that he got up and stopped it. The rain outside sounded like a waterspout. The carriages rattled down the street with the noise of thunder. The voices of the passers-by floated every now and then to his ears, and he constantly thought he heard his own name pronounced. What if his wife, conscious of being suspected, should make this her last rendezvous? He would never, in that case, have another opportunity of learning the truth, and his life would be consumed in a barren suspicion!

He jumped out of bed and dressed, rang the bell for his valet, and ordered a carriage. Baptiste stirred, but there was something in his master's face which prevented the old servant from saying a word. He drove straight to the shop on the Quai des Orfèvres and called for his ring; it seemed to him that he gained assurance, and that his nerves were steadied by the mere act of drawing it on his finger. His manner was so remarkable that the jeweller shook his head, and began to think that there must be something mysterious in the bauble after all. At the extreme end of the Rue du Bac he discharged his carriage, giving the driver a Napoleon in his confusion. He never heard the man calling after him. In the course of a short time, Doctor Longjumeau, closely muffled up, and with his fur cap drawn over his eyes, had reached the goal of his journey. The lane was silent and deserted. He paused at the door from which he had seen his wife come out, and then looked round for some convenient place for concealment.

He could find none better than a ditch, or deep furrow, running along the lane on the side opposite to the garden doors. It was not deep enough to contain him; but by heaping together about him some of the fallen leaves strewn around, he might hope in the darkness to escape detection. Here, Doctor Longjumeau, the popular physician and favorite of Marie Louise, wrapped up in his great coat, lay down and waited for the coming of his wife.

(To be continued.)

OUR EXPOSURE OF THE SWILL MILK TRADE.

THE public attention called to the distilleries and swill stables by our exposures has effected wonders in these establishments in more ways than one. The proprietors, feeling that they are under the surveillance of the people, have, in some instances, cleaned up the stables. The floors are now tolerably clean which before were undiscoverable for filth. In others the time-honored and pet cobwebs have been ruthlessly torn from their long resting-places, and probably have helped to give a rich consistency to the swill milk—as they put hair into mortar to bind it together.

The most important change, however, is, and we glory in the success of our exertions, a large number of the cow stables are

literally empty. All the cows most badly diseased have been sold to the butcher—as the men at the stables say. So general has been the refusal to take doubtful milk that whole routes have been discontinued, and thousands of quarts of swill poison have been returned to the manufacturers. A few more weeks' labor, and, even without the tardy help of the law, we shall have broken up the swill stables of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey city. The mere fact of empty stables, however, will not satisfy us because a month after the excitement has subsided the stables can again be filled and the distilleries will be ready to furnish their thousands of gallons of swill-slops daily, as they have done for the past quarter of a century.

The great work to be done is to dry up the springs of the fountain head—to banish the distilleries from the neighborhood of our cities, and wherever they find a location to establish a system of lawful espionage, so that the swill-slops may never be used for food for living creatures hereafter. The grand assault must then be upon the distilleries—they are the Malakoff and the Redan of the poisonous milk trade, and they must be carried first if a lasting triumph is to be achieved. We may break up the business of five hundred milkmen—we may arrest the attention of the public, but the public will sleep again, and the resources of the swill trade will remain undiminished so long as the distilleries disfigure and poison our neighborhood.

Let, then, every man and every woman when advocating the suppression of the nuisance keep this sentence uppermost on their lips:

"THE DISTILLERIES SHALL BE ABOLISHED."

Let us work to that end, fellow-citizens, and our voices shall quicken the action of our Legislatures and force from them the justice and protection they have hitherto denied.

The rural districts, from whence New York city receives law-regulating its internal government, will, fortunately for us, be entirely in our favor, as the action we propose will add much value to every farm on the lines of the various railroads. It is we believe, an acknowledged fact that "dairy farms are of all farms the most profitable," and our exposure of the swill milk trade will drive the thirty thousand diseased cows out of the city and the quantity of milk (?) which they furnished will have to be supplied by the country farms. This will be at once a direct source of profit to the farmers, and if legislation is necessary—which we doubt—we shall thus secure their most sweet voices. While on this point of our subject, we give the following letter which we have received from Warren Leland, Esq., one of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel:

Milk—Cow's Milk—Distillery Milk—Green Grass versus Swill MILK.—METROPOLITAN HOTEL, NEW YORK.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR,—You have conferred an incalculable and universal benefit upon the families of this great metropolis and Brooklyn by the fearless, graphic and pictorial descriptions which you have given in your valuable and interesting weekly of the horrors of the swill dairies of New York and Brooklyn. I know that your illustrations are but too painfully true, and it is generally believed among medical men that the "leprous distillment" which is sold in New York and Brooklyn for "Pure Orange County Milk" occasions one-third of the deaths amongst the children of these cities, whilst it is at the same time totally without nutriment for the adult population.

I cannot more truthfully depict the poisonous tendencies of that noxious article as generally retailed, than you have done; nor do I wish

"Upon horror's head horrors accumulate," but I desire to state that which will be agreeable to the sojourners at the Metropolitan Hotel, and may be useful to housekeepers and heads of families. This establishment does not use the poisonous essence of diseased and spoiled cows, nor can I conceive why the public will purchase any but the pure unadulterated milk from farm-fed cattle, when it can be obtained cheaper than that "poisonous stuff" so very generally in use amongst the dairies of New York and Brooklyn.

I am supplying the Metropolitan Hotel with pure fresh milk from forty-eight cows fed on the greensward at my farm, Highlands, Rye, which come to New York by the New Haven Railroad. I charge our firm but four cents per quart in summer and four and a half cents in winter per quart, and at those prices I make more profit than at any other branch of farming. I know from experience that the rates of charges are remunerative for the capital invested, in the feed of the cattle, for the labor and for the freight—which is three cents per gallon; that is, one cent higher than by any other railroad except the Harlem.

Why, then, I ask, should that deleterious stuff from diseased cattle be sold hot swill, and then diluted at the wayside pumps, be forced upon families at six cents per quart in summer and seven cents in winter, when a few more enterprising farmers in the vicinities of the metropolis could supply the cities of New York and Brooklyn, and would drive from the field I was going to say, but I should rather say from the noxious dungeons, those miserable pump-up animals, by the poisonous essence of which so many reckless traders and so many of our infantile population die.

I desire it to be understood that the patrons of the Metropolitan Hotel are offered none other but the purest unadulterated farm milk from cows, upon the green fields; cows that never smell swill nor inhale any atmosphere but the fresh, untainted air of their "Highland home."

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant,

WARREN LELEND.

It must be borne in mind that this calculation of Mr. Leland is for wholesale, but it shows clearly that pure milk can be obtained in New York and Brooklyn for seven cents in summer and eight in winter, and yield a splendid profit to both wholesale dealer and retail vendor. No one will object to pay these prices for pure milk, for the difference will be equalized by the improvement in quality—a less quantity will go a greater way. The adulteration of pure milk is generally simple water, and this can be at once detected by every family, by adopting a simple method which we shall hereafter suggest. Other adulterations can be found out easily enough, for the cheapest substances used can never sufficiently assimilate to evade detection.

Let us but successfully attack the demon "swill," and drive from its strongholds, and the remedy will be forthcoming without a doubt.

We have received innumerable communications on the subject, so many, indeed, that we could fill our entire paper with the contents. We must content ourselves with a small selection from the most important of the communications received, sufficient, however, to show the feeling of the community, and substantiate every charge that we have made, and justify our course in every particular.

Letters from distinguished Medical Authorities.

No. 9 GREAT JONES STREET, May 14, 1888.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR,—Your note of this date is received. I answer that the use of swill from cows fed on "distillery swill" cannot be otherwise than prejudicial to adults and infants. As a practitioner of medicine, it often occurs that I am enforced to forbid feeble or diseased mothers from nursing their own offspring, how much more injurious the milk from diseased cows is, needs no argument. I consider the distribution of this poisonous milk to be a great crime, and every sentiment of humanity should be invoked to enforce its suppression.

Your course is most laudable in this matter, and I have no doubt you will receive (as you merit) the approbation of every disinterested citizen of the great metropolis.

I am sure the members of the medical profession will unanimously support your efforts to suppress this most pernicious traffic.

Respectfully,

RICHARD S. KISSAM, M.D.

NEW YORK, May 14, 1888.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR,—I wish you full success in the good work you have undertaken to move one of the most destructive nuisances with which our doomed city has been long cursed. In common with many of my profession, I have been strained to bear public testimony on this subject for many years past, and have sought by published addresses and otherwise, through the medical journals and secular press, to awaken the authorities and the people to the all distilleries from the neighborhood of cities, as the only mode of cure in the deadly poison of swill milk; for the cheapest food for cows is furnished, and will be used not only in the stables appended to the distilleries, but in other cow stables in the vicinity, whence this swill milk is sold to the citizens. But we have all labored in vain, for this terrible evil has been increasing all the while. The appalling mortality among the children of the poor, directly produced by this cause, ought of itself to arouse public attention. The disease and death among the cows fed on this swill distillment, its poisonous effects on the blood of the animals, developing scrofulous

tuberculous disease in the cows, while the milk is furnished from their morbid blood. Analysis has shown that such milk is not only destitute of nutritious properties, but contains positive poison, generated during the fermentation and distillation, of which the swill is the refuse; and yet thousands in our city, of both adults and children, depend for nourishment chiefly or wholly upon this swill milk.

I have very frequently known sickness and death to result directly from this cause, and have still more frequently witnessed entire recovery from sickness thus induced by substituting pure milk, so which the sufferers owed their lives. Adults very often suffer sickness, as well as children, from the use of swill milk, and indeed it is possible for any one to use it without serious injury to health.

You are right in directing attention to the pus and other foul secretions from the glands of these diseased cows, found in all the milk they yield, and surely disgust and loathing should henceforth prevent its introduction into any human stomach. Even the hogs fed on either the swill or milk soon die of scrofula and analogous diseases.

In the name of outraged humanity, persevere in the assault you have commenced against the accursed traffic in swill milk, for the profits of the distillery and vendors are the price of blood, and they are very guilty of the murdered innocents, who perish by thousands annually, from this cause alone.

I do not write this for publication, but only to bid you God speed, in accomplishing what we have all failed to do, and what our city authorities have been too corrupt to do, by putting a final stop to this abominable nuisance.

Respectfully yours,

D. MEREDITH REESE, M. D.,
No. 10 Union Square.

Extract from a Report by D. Meredith Reese, M.D., L.L.D., &c.

Infant mortality, in large cities, in a great multitude of examples, which no man can number, is caused by the impure and adulterated milk and other unwholesome articles of food, which are among the necessities of life. Our profession has ever and anon sought to arouse public attention to this important subject, but in vain. Distilleries in or near large cities would be an intolerable nuisance and curse, apart from the mischiefs of their manufacture of alcoholic drinks, in view of the single fact, that, wherever they exist, their slops will furnish the cheapest food for cows, the milk from which is more pernicious and fatal to infant health and life than alcohol itself to adults; poisoning the very fountains of life. So long as distilleries are tolerated in cities, cow stables will be their appendages, and the milk, fraught with sickness and death, will still perpetuate mortality, especially among the children of the poor. All the artificial adulterations of milk, as by water or chalk, &c., are harmless, may be laudable, as compared with the poisonous supply obtained from cows fed on distillery slops, for to this poison chemistry itself affords no antidote, since it defies all analysis or synthesis, a poison, *sui generis*, utterly destructive both of health and life.

NEW YORK, 42 East Twenty-ninth street, May 14, 1868.

DEAR SIR.—Yours of this date, asking my opinion as to the effects of swill milk upon the health of children and adults, is this day received. It seems scarcely necessary to reiterate the opinion which has been so often expressed by myself and others as to the value of good milk as an article of diet, and the disastrous effects of the impure substances which are called milk, and which are in great quantities supplied to our citizens, possessing scarcely any of the attributes of that important article of consumption. Medical books contain abundant evidence of the deleterious effects of an imperfect diet in children, and that swill milk is an article of that description is indisputable. You have already published strong evidence of the fact. The striking testimony of the intelligent mother contained in No. 128 of your ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, regarding the effects of this poisonous compound, can doubtless be corroborated by every physician of experience in this city, and the fact stated in the report of the Committee of the Academy of Medicine, in the same number, that swill milk will not coagulate as readily or as perfectly as pure milk, shows that it is not milk in the proper sense of that word, though it may have been drawn from the source whence milk is taken. The microscope reveals the fact that the butter globules of this villainous stuff are essentially different from those of pure milk, and it is a well established law that any change in the mechanical organization of a compound body is an indication of a change in its physiological and chemical constitution. Pure milk, whose butter globules are always the same under the microscope, is the most wholesome food that can be given to a child, but swill milk is exactly the reverse. The proper type of coagulation (which is the solidification of the casein, or cheese portion) of the milk is essential to its digestion. In the case of pure milk, the gastric juice effects that process in a few minutes in the stomach, and the process of digestion and nutrition goes rapidly on. But with swill milk coagulation requires sometimes as many hours as the other requires minutes. Without this coagulation in the stomach there can be no digestion, and no nutrition, and the mass of impure substance either remains in the stomach undigested, producing distressing symptoms of various kinds, or passes into the bowels, resulting in diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera morbus, and many other direct diseases, besides numerous secondary ills not so apparent to the common observer, but which may be traced by the eye of the physician to the influence of impure or insufficient food.

If, in addition to the statements and illustrations already made upon this subject, any argument is needed by our fellow-citizens to prove the influence, direct and indirect, of impure diet, an examination of our necrological records will furnish it. For example, the total number of deaths of persons under five years of age in 1856 was 13,573. Of this number the deaths from diseases attributable, more or less directly, to defective diet and bad air, amounted to nearly one-half, viz., 6,558. They were as follows:

From Scrofulous and other Abscesses.....	9
" Anemia.....	1
" Diseases of Bowels.....	25
" Cholera Infantum.....	1,377
" Convulsions.....	1,495
" Debility.....	333
" Diarrhoea.....	402
" Dropsy of the Head.....	801
" Dysentery.....	352
" Erysipelas.....	60
" Marasmus.....	1,264
" Scrofula.....	69
" Teething.....	369
Total.....	6,558

In considering this dark catalogue of infants slaughtered, we are not to overlook the important fact that it is very often owing to the debilitated condition of the body, arising from insufficient nutrition, that great havoc is made by several other diseases. It is not difficult to understand now a child, whose veins were filled with good blood, the result of nutritious diet and pure air, may withstand the shock of scarlet fever, or measles, or inflammation of the brain or lungs, or any other of the numerous ills which infant flesh is heir to, to which the victim of swill milk must almost certainly succumb. In this view we must add another thousand to this holocaust of children in that single year.

Nor must it be forgotten that this fatal list is only of infants under five years of age. Had I time to trace these influences beyond that period of life we should find that though this boundary be overlooked, the poison still lurks in the systems of tens of thousands more, and awaits only the favoring circumstances to develop its power—for, like the venom of hydrophobia, it may lie dormant for months and years.

These figures and facts must satisfy the most sceptical that there is death in the milkpail as it is brought to our doors. With thousands of others I heartily rejoice that you have had the courage to "take this cow by the horns," mortifying as it is that a duty which should, years ago, have been discharged by our Health Department, and by which thousands of lives and millions of money might have been saved (but which the total ignorance of sanitary science, of the incumbents, and their consequent inability to appreciate the requirements of public health, renders them incapable of discharging), should be left to a private citizen to perform.

But swill milk is by no means the sole cause of the enormous amount of sickness and mortality of our people. I could point out to you a number of others which are as potential as this over the public health and which are equally disregarded by those whose sworn and paid to suppress them. These I hope you may find opportunity to delineate and describe, and the blessing of thousands of lives saved will be your continual reward.

Very respectfully yours,

JNO. H. GRISCOM.

Mr. Boyd, so well-known as the originator of the famous "Boyd's City Dispatch Post," called upon us on Thursday, May 13, for the purpose of making the following statement:

I have taken milk from John S. Robbins & Co., of Bushwick. On several occasions my cook has complained that the milk was of so inferior a quality as to be unfit for purposes of cooking. Some weeks ago she called my attention to the milk left on a particular morning by Robbins. I examined it and found a yellowish-white sediment, similar to whitening, at the bottom, and a fluid in the middle, of a nondescript character. I showed it to Robbins, who appeared quite puzzled and promised to see into the matter. The next morning he called and handed out a small can, which my cook declared to be first-rate milk. A day or two afterwards strong complaints were made to me, and, on again examining the milk furnished by this man Robbins, I found it, if possible, worse than the first I examined. I immediately discharged him and paid him, but with a full determination to prosecute the matter if an action will lie. Since I have discontinued the use of this abominable article, I can well account for the daily sickness which both myself and my little son have suffered for months, but which has now entirely disappeared. I make this statement voluntarily, and in the hope that it may forward the ends of justice and help you in your praiseworthy endeavor to break up the swill manufacture in New York and Brooklyn.

In another part of our paper will be found a statement of Dr. John Burdell, dentist, relative to the effect of the use of swill slops upon the teeth of cows. The doctor made a thorough examination of the matter in the cow stables, and the account he published is corroborated by the following communication from the gentleman who accompanied him during his investigation:

BOSTON, MASS., No. 12 Winter street, May 10, 1868.

To the Editor of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper:

SIR.—In your paper, giving an account of "Pure Country Milk," I find correct illustrations of the modus operandi of its manufacture. Some seventeen years ago when a student in the office of Dr. John Burdell, dentist, of your city, we visited the manufactory, or one similar, which you have so faithfully portrayed, and took correct drawings of the teeth of many of the cows, which were fed on hot distilled slops. Enclosed please find two engravings—one a set of teeth of a cow fed on natural food; the other where food was from the distillery. If dirt of that description has such an effect on the teeth, what must necessarily be the consequence on the animal itself? The greatest wonderment to me is, that any who partake of milk thus manufactured live at all. Keep it before the public, and you will confer a benefit on mankind, second to none conferred by any one in this age.

Very truly yours,

J. R. DILLINGHAM, Surgeon Dentist.

Plan of G. W. & B. Johnson's Distillery and Swill Cow Stables.

So many thousands are curious to know all about this badly celebrated and most notorious spot, that for their special benefit we have given a ground plan of the place, showing its ample space! its conveniences!! its luxurious cleanliness as a city dairy!!!—the wholesome residence of 1,500 cows, the wholesale producer of "Orange county," "Westchester county," "grass fed," "dairy farm" pure, tremendously pure milk for babies in arms and growing children.

This distillery, owned by G. W. & B. Johnson, with its parasitical cow stables, has furnished liquid poison in various forms for a quarter of a century and more. It is indeed venerable in iniquity, and has arrived at that age when its existence should cease (and shall if we can effect it), and the ground be cleared, purified and converted to useful and honorable purposes.

These cow stables are built in three rows, on the block bounded by Tenth and Eleventh avenues, Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets, and they extend from Tenth nearly to Eleventh avenue in length—one row is on Fifteenth street, one on Sixteenth street, and one nearly in the centre of the block, with an alleyway on each side of the centre row, the alleyways being from twelve to twenty feet wide. The lower portion of the row of cow sheds on Sixteenth street are built of brick, two stories high, and far superior in every way to the others; the others are mere sheds, but one story high, "and low at that."

In these stables are imprisoned and poisoned between fifteen hundred and two thousand cows. How they live, how they die, and what they yield, we have already described. Mr. Mullaly states that the Johnsons of Sixteenth street distillery derive an income of over \$40,000 a year by "boarding," or rather swilling the cows. Six cents per day is the price of board, which is as cheap a charge for poisoning as can be expected.

The quantity of milk furnished daily by the cows in Johnson's stables is about twenty four thousand quarts, but it is increased to thirty thousand by the addition of six thousand quarts of water. The profits accruing from this are very large. Estimating this milk at five cents per quart, the price at which it is sold, its total value will be found to amount to fifteen hundred dollars. This may exceed the real receipts by one or two hundred dollars, for it is impossible to arrive at an accurate estimate without an inspection of the account books. Allowing twelve quarts of milk as the daily average yield of each cow for nine months, we find that the receipts from the sale of the milk of a single animal amount to about one hundred and sixty dollars in that period. About forty dollars more is made by the water with which it is diluted, and which is generally added in the proportion of one-fourth.

The swill milk trade, it will be seen, is a very profitable business; beneficial to all, indeed, but the cows and the consumers. It may seem rather hard to spoil such excellent sport, but the race of death has been run, and Johnson and his honorable confreres have lost. They have held the field long, but their last heat is over, and their career is ended. The people will it, and it must be so.

Threatening Letters.

We have received many very bloodthirsty epistles. Roullette's wagon was drawn in our pictures in the spot where it was seen, the distillery yard, which has made him mad. We select his specimen from the bundle of belligerent missives:

Frank Leslie:

SIR.—You say I deal in swill milk but I say you are a liar, I can prove by men in a higher position than you think you are making yourself so smart as to go about from stable to stable looking at cows beware but if you come around Sixteenth street the loafers has made it up to have vengeance on you and your inspectors so beware

MICHAEL ROULLETTE.

Frank Leslie you Damned scoundrel

Horrible Double Murder in Husted's Distillery Cow Stables, on Thursday, the 13th inst.

A horrible double murder was perpetrated in the cow stables connected with Husted's distillery, in Franklin near Flushing avenue. One Peter Deher, a swill milkmaid, asked another swill milkmaid, named Michael Conway, to feed his cows, which he refused to do. A war of words arose, and at last Deher, after flourishing a pistol about, exclaimed, "I'll give you one, any how," and fired point blank at Conway's face, the ball entering the right eye and lodging in the brain. Notwithstanding this dreadful wound Conway seized a club (such a one, we suppose, as they use to stir the swill about), knocked Deher down, and beat him until he himself became unconscious. We are told that a man who was coming up at the time supposed that Conway was killing a dog, so brutally ferocious was the manner. Deher, the shooter, is dead from a fractured skull, and Conway cannot live, for although the wound has been probed to a great depth, the ball has not been found. We have rarely had the pain to record an act of such brutal ferocity. It argues the nature of wild animals rather than human beings. The demoralizing influence of the horrible and inhuman business in which they are engaged is showing its fruits, and this terrible murder is another argument in favor of the destruction of the distilleries, cow stables, and all. Would that the good work were done.

Arrest of the Milkmen and Wagons.

Frank Leslie, accompanied by Henry C. Watson, had an interview with Mayor Tiemann on the 11th inst., and urged upon him the necessity of arresting the numerous milkmen who peddled milk in wagons which had no name or residence inscribed thereon. His Honor took immediate steps to carry out Mr. Leslie's suggestion, and every day the City Hall has been lively with "hauling up" milkmen, who, hooted and laughed at by the crowd, slunk away with remarkable alacrity. Their names will be found in our local news. The Mayor expressed great sympathy with the movement, and promised every assistance in his power.

Statement of John Burdell, Dentist, of the action of Swill-slops upon the Teeth of Cows.

The drawing, No. 12, exhibits a portion of the jaw of a cow which has fed upon natural food. It will be observed that the teeth are perfectly healthy, and the enamel sound—the alveolar processes are not diseased; there is no accumulation of tartar between these teeth, but they are firm and white. I next present a specimen from my cabinet of a different character.

The animal from which this drawing, No. 13, is taken, is of about the same age as the preceding; but instead of being kept upon its natural food, the animal was fed on what is called "still-slops," which were received hot from an adjacent distillery. Here it will be seen, first, that the whiteness of the teeth is gone, in other words, they have lost their enamel. In fact, the teeth at each side of jaw are the only ones on which any enamel can be seen. Nor is the decay confined to the enamelled portion; even the bony part of the teeth has suffered; these

teeth are evidently smaller than those in the preceding plate, although the jaw is of the same size. Caries also has affected them, as can be easily seen by observing the black spots in the teeth. The alveolar processes, likewise, have taken part in the disease; ulcers have formed at the roots of the teeth, the portion of bone opposite these roots has become affected and has broken off, and one of the teeth is also gone.

In the specimen last presented, many of the interstices were filled with tartar, which I removed in 1837, before the drawing was taken, to show the state of the teeth themselves. It may be said this is only a single specimen; but such is not the fact. I have examined several large milk farms around New York; from which the city is supplied with milk. In most of these, "still-slops" are used as food for the cows; each cow consumes about thirty gallons daily, and wherever the slops are used, the teeth of these animals are more or less affected.

OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

Examination of a Dead Cow from the Swill Stables Sixteenth Street, by the Health Wardens of New York.

We attended the official examination and dissection of one of the dead animals which came from the Sixteenth street stables. The Health Wardens, on the order of the City Inspector, George W. Morton, Esq., who has offered us every assistance and taken great interest in our endeavors to expose the swill milk trade, made arrangements to dissect a cow brought directly from the Sixteenth street stables. On arriving at the foot of Forty-fifth street, on the East River, the official dock, we found the carcass of the cow selected for examination. Mr. Lewis J. Kirk, a practical butcher, and attached to the Health Warden's Department, declared to us that it was one of the most healthy, or rather the least diseased of the cows that he had seen from that source—the cow stables. The examination was conducted with the minutest care to detail, and the report is certainly as moderate in its tone as it possibly could be when the disgusting details are considered. How entirely this official dissection confirms our statements in every point our readers will judge. It is the finishing stroke to the swill milk business.

We return our thanks to the City Inspector for the prompt manner in which he has followed up our action, and call the attention of our readers to the following document, and the accurate and striking illustrations to it, made on the spot by our artist, which will be found on the next page:

CITY INSPECTOR'S DEPARTMENT, May 13, 1868.

GEORGE W. MORTON, Esq., City Inspector:

SIR.—Pursuant to instructions, I attended the dissection of a diseased cow, made by your orders, at the foot of Forty-fifth street, East River, on the 12th instant. The "subject," as I was informed, was taken from the cow stables situated between Ninth and Tenth avenues and Sixteenth and Fifteenth streets, on the 11th instant. I was not informed whether she died on the 10th or 11th instant.

The cow was outwardly good-looking, with a stump tail, the end of which apparently had been cut off some time previously, as it was healed. There was no more perceptible odor emanating from the animal as it lay, than is the case of any other diseased animal dying from disease.

At ten A. M., Mr. Lewis J. Kirk, a practical butcher (attached to your department as Health Warden of the Seventeenth Ward), and assistants, commenced operations—having previously stated that the outside appearance of the cow was much better than any he had before operated upon.

When the skin was removed, on the brisket or breast was found a tumor partially ulcerated. It was three and a half inches in depth, seven inches in breadth, and nine and a quarter inches in length.

On the right side, under the skin, were two ulcers, one on the hind quarter and one on the fore shoulder. On the left side the whole fore shoulder was apparently badly bruised. On separating the shoulder from the body (in the same manner in which a shoulder of veal is cut), putrid matter was found in large quantities.

On the back, close to the tail, the flesh was inflamed, supposed to have been caused by the operation of the vaccine matter (usually applied to cows supposed to be diseased to save their lives). On opening the head, the brain was found to be badly congested, and the surface covered with extravasated blood. The front teeth of the lower jaw were quite loose, and in such a condition that the animal could not masticate hay. The front legs of the cow were very badly diseased below the knee; so much so, as to apparently incapacitate the animal from standing but a very short time at once. The tail was skinned and examined by the company present. The evidence to those best qualified to judge was, that the cow had been vaccinated. On taking off the udder, milk was drawn from it. On cutting it open, the after part was found badly diseased; the front part was apparently healthy. The tongue was thickly coated with a slimy substance, unusual, and on cutting it open it presented a very unusual color. The horns were not examined.

On opening the carcass the smaller intestines were found to be very much inflamed, and without a particle of food in them. The stomach, which was highly inflamed, so much so as to cause the inner coating of it to come off on the slightest touch, was filled with food composed of meal and hay. Here was found convincing proof that the animal was incapable of masticating, as the hay found in the stomach was from six to nine inches in length, and the only substance found in the "book" (the butchers' term for the digestive organ), was meal, the muscular force of the stomach being apparently unable to force the unmasticated hay into that organ. The "book" itself was in an unhealthy state, and on comparing it with similar organs from healthy animals (of which plenty were on hand) the fact was patent to every one. The "melt," as it is termed, was one complete mass of putrid matter, and had in all probability diseased the "skirts," as they are generally termed, or in other words, the diaphragm. The liver, by outside appearance, was apparently healthy, but on drawing a knife through it incipient disease was detected. It was extra large at the top, but of the usual length, the lower half not weighing one-tenth the upper half. Its weight was sixteen pounds and eight ounces. The gall was of extra size. The kidneys were very much enlarged, and on opening them they were found filled with putrid matter. Their weight was five pounds and two ounces, which, I am informed, is a very unusual size. The ordinary weight of kidneys in a healthy animal of the size of this one are from fourteen to twenty ounces.

On opening the chest the lining was found highly inflamed. The skirts, or diaphragm, were diseased, and on cutting them a yellow, watery substance oozed from it, which is not the case in a healthy animal. The lungs were fast to the ribs on both sides, and had to be torn off by the operator. The left lung was entirely diseased, as was also the lower lobe of the right lung. Their weight was twenty-one pounds and four ounces. The heart was of unusual shape. Its weight was five pounds and twelve ounces, an ordinary weight. The bladder was very large, but not of unusual size for cows fed on swill.

On splitting the cow in half, the spinal column, or "pith," was found very much softened and in a similar condition to the brain—covered with extravasated blood.

The "subject" was, in all probability, what is termed a "dry cow," as the milk that was drawn from the udder was such as is ordinarily drawn from cows "dried up" for the purpose of fattening. I neglected to state in the proper place that the muscle lying between the windpipe and gullet, known generally as the "throat sweetbread," was in a highly diseased state.

Among the persons connected with the City Inspector's Department present, were R. C. Downing, Esq., Superintendent of Bureau of Sanitary Inspection; Joseph S. Monell, M.D., Head of the Bureau of Statistics; Health Wardens Green, Lawrence, Kirk, Vreeland; Superintendent of Markets, Joseph Canning, Esq.; Superintendent of Slaughter-houses, W. H. Travers, Esq., and J. P. S. Morris, Inspector of Slaughter-houses, lower district. Many citizens were also present.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

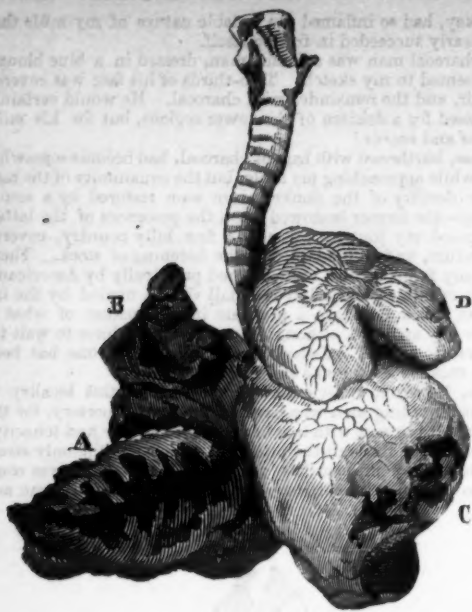
(Signed),

JAMES M. BAKER.

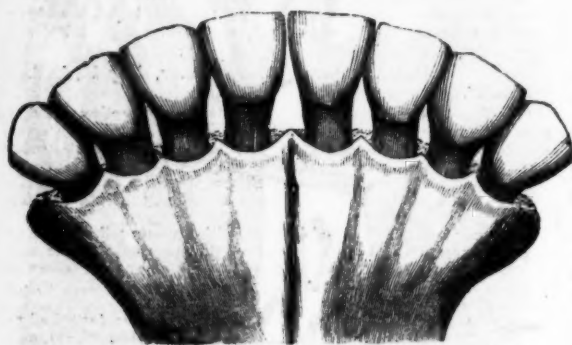
I certify that I witnessed the dissection of said cow, and, having read the above report, I consider it a fair and impartial statement of the facts.

(Signed),

J. S. MONELL, M.D.



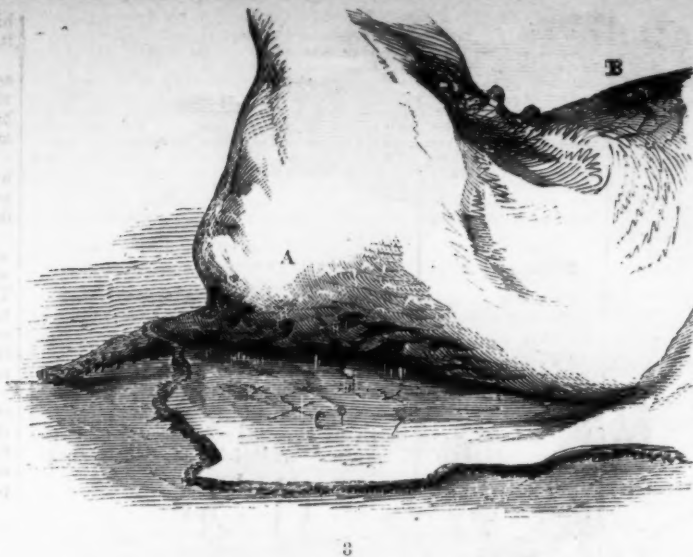
THE APPEARANCE OF THE LUNGS AFTER HAVING BEEN TORN FROM THE RIBS BY THE OPERATOR. A, SHOWING THE HORRIBLY DISEASED LEFT LOBE; B, SHOWING THE DISFIGURED PARTS OF THE SAME, FROM DISEASE. C AND D, DISEASED PARTS ON THE RIGHT LOBE OF THE LUNGS.



TEETH OF A COW FED ON NATURAL FOOD. SEE MR. DILLINGHAM'S LETTER, PAGE 391.



B SHOWS THE INCISION IN THE STUMP TAIL MADE FOR THE PURPOSE OF INOCULATION; A, THE EXTENDING CORRUPTION FROM THE INFUSED DISEASE.

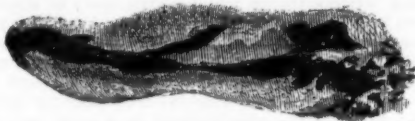


SECTION OF THE COW BROUGHT FROM THE SIXTEENTH STREET COW STABLES, AFTER REMOVING THE SKIN. A, THE DISEASED PARTS CLOSE TO THE TAIL. B, THE DISEASED PART OF THE ABDOMEN CAUSED BY THE ULCER ON THE BRISKET. C, THE SKIN, WITH INDICATIONS OF ULCERS FORMING.

DISSECTION OF A SWILL-FED COW



SHOWS THE DISEASED LEG AFTER THE REMOVAL OF THE SKIN.



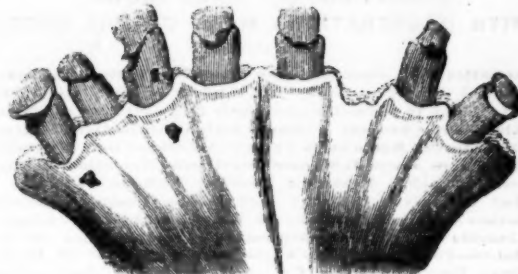
THE MEAT "WAS ONE COMPLETE MASS OF PUTRID MATTER." VIDE REPORT.



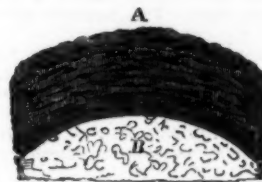
THE TONGUE. SECTION SHOWING THE DISEASED PARTS.



APPEARANCE OF THE INSIDE VIEW OF THE SHOULDER. A, B, AND SHOW HIGHLY INFLAMED FLESH, AND FROM A TO C PUTRID MATTER.



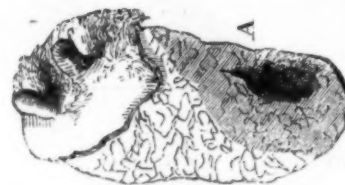
TEETH OF A COW FED ON ARTIFICIAL DIET. SEE MR. DILLINGHAM'S LETTER, PAGE 391.



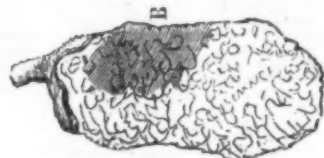
SECTION OF A TUMOR FOUND ON THE BRISKET OR BREAST OF A COW FROM THE SIXTEENTH STREET COW STABLES. A AND B SHOW THE VARIOUS DEGREES OF PUTREFACTION.



SKETCH OF THE APPEARANCE OF FOOD FOUND IN THE HIGHLY INFLAMED STOMACH. THE HAY, WHICH WAS FROM SIX TO EIGHT INCHES LONG, WAS NOT MASTICATED, THE TEETH OF THE COW BEING TOO BADLY AFFECTED TO PERFORM THE OPERATION.



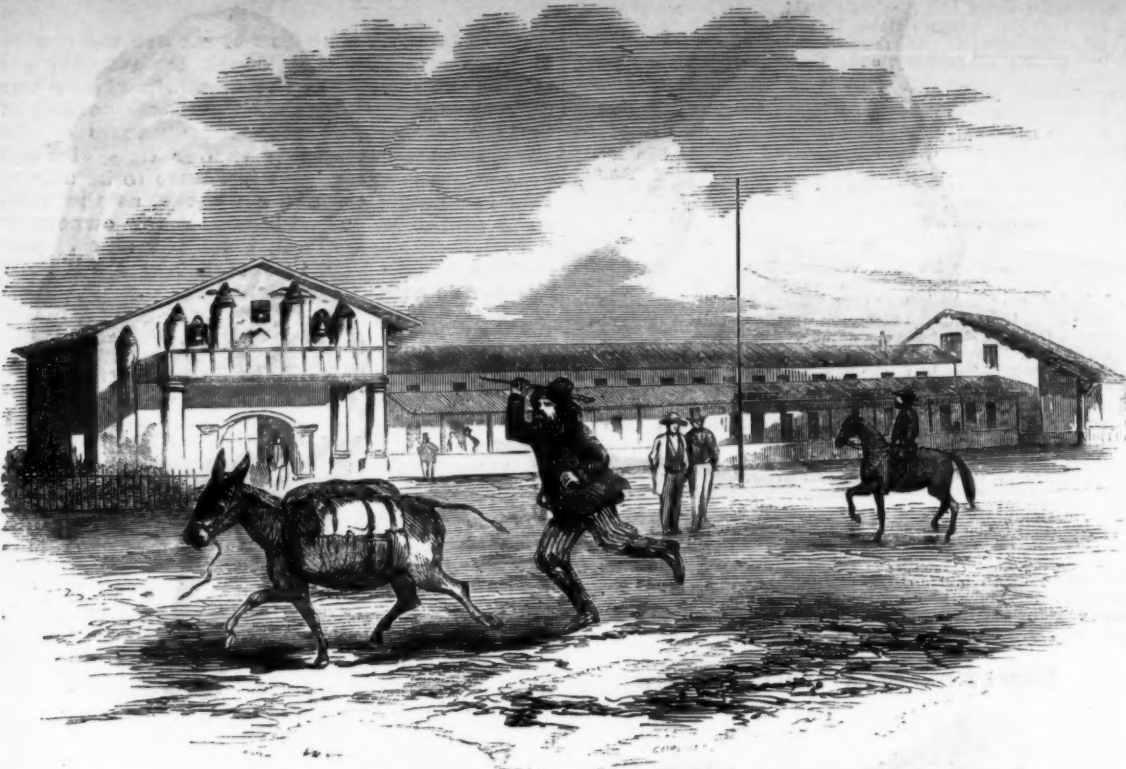
THE UDDER. OUR ENGRAVING, A, INDICATES THE BADLY DISEASED UPPER PART.



B SHOWS THE EXTENSION OF THE DISEASE TO THE LOWER EXTREMITIES OF THE UDDER.



BRUTAL DOUBLE MURDER IN HUSTED'S SWILL COW STABLES, SKILLMAN STREET, BROOKLYN, THURSDAY, MAY 18.



MISSION DOLORES. THE CHARCOAL VENDOR.

A TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF CALIFORNIA, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS MADE ON THE SPOT.

CHAPTER I.

Necessaries for a Journey—San Francisco Corner; Loafers—Arrival at Dolores—The Old Church—Burial Ground—Monument to Cora—Casey—Lynch Law—Murder of James King—The Charcoal Vendor—Arrival at Redwood City—Sticks in the Mud—Loses various Articles—Finds a Tavern, but cannot Sleep—Indignant Landlord—Execution of Cora and Casey—San Francisco Evening Bulletin—Engages a Mud Pilot—Coast Range Mountains—Ground Squirrels, Snakes and Owls—Arrives at Santa Clara—The College—Alameda—Party on Horseback—Accident to one of the Riders—Commodore Stockton—Immense Cloud of Dust—Green Goggles—Family Car—Arrives at San Jose—Indian Battle.

HAVING for some time cherished the idea of visiting the southern counties of California, I provided myself with all that I considered necessary. I mounted my mule one fine morning, and commenced my journey. The number of miscellaneous articles I had procured, and which I had tied before and behind the saddle, were somewhat extraordinary, and did not escape the observation of the San Francisco street corner loafers, of whom, by the by, that city has a goodly share. This, however, did not concern me, as I only consulted my own fancy.

Away I jogged over the plank road between San Francisco and the Mission Dolores, and soon found myself opposite the old Mission Church, which, being closed at that time, I could not examine. I had, however, seen too many others to consider it much of a loss, since they only abound in horrible sculptured monsters, intended for saints, and worse fresco painting, for the

ancient vessels and candlesticks of precious metals have long been replaced by the more modern one of tin, which after all answers the same purpose.

I did not think it worth while to linger here, and was about continuing my journey, when I espied the burial ground beside the church; and perceiving many monuments, garlands and flowers, I dismounted, and having tied my mule to a post, entered the consecrated ground of the Catholic dead.

Passing between the numerous graves, many of which are surmounted by handsome monuments and tombstones, my attention was arrested by a figure sculptured in white marble, resting on a pedestal, representing the emblem of Justice, but not as we have received it from the Greeks or Romans, with sword and scale poised evenly in the act of weighing truthfully the punishments of crime, but with the arms chained to a rock, and the scales broken. This was surrounded by a handsome cast-iron trellis-work. A monument of this description being so very unusual in a burial ground, I inspected it very minutely, and observed let into the trellis-work a small silver plate, with the name "Cora" engraved upon it, when suddenly a light broke upon me. This Cora was the man hung by the Vigilance Committee, and his wife or mistress, the far-famed Bella Cooper, formerly of New York, had expended several thousand dollars in raising this monument to his memory.

I also saw, not far from this remarkable instance of a woman's fidelity to the dead, the monument of Casey, who was executed at the same time with Cora by the Vigilance Committee. This Casey shot James King, editor of the *San Francisco Evening Bulletin*. This monument was erected by a company of firemen to which Casey belonged.

Turning from the cemetery, I suddenly remembered my mule, and went to look after her; and it was lucky I did so, for I came only in time—for a charcoal vendor having just come along with

his donkey, had so inflamed the sociable nature of my mule that it had nearly succeeded in freeing itself.

The charcoal man was a Frenchman, dressed in a blue blouse, as represented in my sketch. Two-thirds of his face was covered with hair, and the remainder with charcoal. He would certainly have passed for a denizen of the lower regions, but for his *mille tonnerres* and *sacré*!

The ass, burthened with bags of charcoal, had become somewhat unruly while approaching my mule, but the equanimity of the man and the docility of the donkey were soon restored by a sound drubbing—the former bestowed upon the posteriors of the latter.

I pursued my journey through a fine hilly country, covered with pasture, and well adapted to the fattening of stock. There were many farms on this route, owned principally by Americans. Towards evening I arrived at a small village, named by the inhabitants Redwood City—I presume in anticipation of what it may one day arrive at, although I expect it will have to wait till it renews its crop of redwood forests, for the old one has been terribly thinned by the axe and saw.

I can, however, conscientiously recommend this locality to enterprising young men who have a tendency for pottery, for the clay here is to be met with in a beautiful abundance and tenacity; for when I rode through the principal, which was the only street in the town, my mule at last got stuck so fast that I was compelled to lighten it by getting off myself into the mud ocean and



THE MONUMENT OF CORA.

very nearly anchored there myself. By dint, however, of herculean efforts, I extricated myself, and reached the tavern, with the loss of my hat, a boot, a spur, a parcel of sandwiches, and other articles too numerous to mention. I cut so strange a figure, being covered with mud, as was also my mule, that I expected to be greeted with the laughter and jeers of the spectators. In this I was disappointed, for they looked on with the most stolid indifference, for I since discovered the sight of persons in my plight was far too common to attract the slightest attention.

(Continued on page 396.)



BATTLE BETWEEN THE SAN JACINTO INDIANS AND ANOTHER TRIBE.

ROUTES OF THE WAGONS CARRYING SWILL MILK FROM THE SIXTEENTH STREET DISTILLERY.

Route No. 15.—May 12, Name on Wagon, S. Hopper, 158 Eighth avenue, Six Cans.

Ninth avenue, 139, 6
West Fifteenth street, 138, 130, 155, store; 129, 152, 174, 201, 204, 220, 216, 135, 178, 198
West Thirteenth street, 240, 247, 264, 273, 213
West Fourth street, 10
Houston street, 35, 19, 32, 72, 73
Troy street, 2, Jane street, 62, 68
Greenwich street, 813
Washington street, 798
Eighth avenue, 56, 74, 76

Route No. 16.—May 12, Name on Wagon, H. Hadelar, 304 Seventeenth street.

King street, 86, one can
Corner of Congress and Ham-
mersley, one can
Varick street, 171, one can
Corner of Varick and Vandam,
one can
Elm street, 190, one can
Marion street, 93, one can
Marion street, between Broome
and Spring, grocery
Walker street, 21
Carlisle street, 1

Route No. 17.—May 11, Blue Wagon, No Name, Three Cans.
Between Sixteenth and Seven-
teenth streets, in Tenth avenue
East Twenty-second street, 158,
165, 167, 169, 171, 173, 175, 187,
193, 195

In Twenty-second street, near Avenue C, there was a crowd of men (nine or ten), whom the driver invited to drink several times; after they drank the last time they came out and came up to me, shook their fists at me and dared me to take the numbers of the houses where the milk was being served. I, however, went right up and got the numbers. They then went into Avenue C and surrounded my wagon, and one of them remarked that if I followed Larry O'Davy he would be the death of me—meaning himself.

East Twenty-first street, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261
Avenue A, 313, 315, 309
East Twentieth street, 225, 227, 212, 214
First Avenue, 326, 328, 330, 333, 346, 350, 309

Route No. 18.—May 12, Red Wagon, Name on Wagon, J. H. Kehlenbeck, 87 Tenth Avenue, Nine Cans.

Mulberry street, 49, two cans; Baxter street, 85
51, grocery, one can; 60, 45, Centre street, 19, boarding-house, 131, 135
Park street, 49, grocery, one can; Trinity Place, 7, grocery, one can; 35, grocery, one can; 29
can; 22, 24, 26, 28

While taking the numbers on this block there was a desperate attempt made by another milkman, whose name I do not know, to break my wagon; the street being very narrow, he turned around to run into my wagon. I, however, saw what he meant, and drew a persuader, which deterred him. He then pulled off from my wagon.

Rector street, 3, grocery, one can
Washington street, 35, grocery, one can

Route No. 19.—May 11, No Name on Wagon.

Twelfth street, 24
Avenue C, 183, 185, 200
East Thirteenth street, 282, 314
East Fourteenth street, 212, 216
East Thirteenth street, 212
Avenue A, 244, 267
East Seventeenth street, 222, 218,
212, 200, 204, 200, 208
East Eighteenth street, 270, 251,
256, 251, 253
East Twentieth street, 231
East Twenty-fifth street, 180
East Twenty-second street, 171,
173
Third avenue, 70
Mott street, 113, 105
Mulberry street, 108, 116, 120, 131

Route No. 20.—May 12.

West Forty-sixth street, 91
West Forty-third street, 54
East Forty-first street, 137
East Twenty-second street, 135
East Nineteenth street, 139
East Eighteenth street, 219, 254,
256
East Thirteenth street, 253, 226,
grocery, one small can
East Twelfth street, 488, 489, 257,
259, 246, 248
Avenue C, 175
East Ninth street, 327, 333

Route No. 21.—May 15, Four Cans on Wagon.

Bleecker street, 371, grocery; 265,
grocery; 249, grocery
Fourth street, 270, grocery; 268,
grocery; 269, grocery
Corner of Bank and Bleecker
streets, grocery
Ninth avenue, near Fourteenth
street

Route No. 22.—May 15, No Name on Wagon, Two Cans.

Seventh avenue, 390, 404
East Sixteenth street, 21
South-East corner of Elizabeth
and Houston streets, grocery
Elizabeth street, 222, 214, 223
Mott street, 180, 181
Mulberry street, 181, 193 rear
Centre Market place, 3, 4, 5
Grand street, 144
Crosby street, 35, 37
Broome street, 492, 494

Route No. 23.—May 14, Name on Wagon, G. N. Timms.

Ocean House, Thirtieth street,
below Eleventh avenue
South-East corner of Tenth
avenue and Twenty-sixth street,
one can, grocery
South-West corner of Fourth
avenue and Troy street, one can,
grocery
Eighty-ninth street corner of
Fourth avenue, one can, South-West corner of Wooster
grocery
South-East corner of Charles and
Fourth streets, one can, gro-
cery
North-West corner of Waverly
Sixth avenue, 105
place and Sixth avenue, one
can, grocery
Downing street, 22, one can,
grocery
North-West corner of Thompson
and Spring streets, grocery
Mulberry street, 171, one can,
grocery
Mott street, 13, one can, grocery
South-West corner of Wooster
and Grand streets, one can,
grocery
Ann street, 23, twelve quarts
Broome street, 452, 459

Saw him come out of the Sixteenth street stable with twelve cans; he drove to Harlem Milk Depot in Thirty-third street, and deposited seven empty cans and took seven full ones, and went on his route with both sorts of milk.

He stopped me in Mulberry street, and said that he had been followed before; that he had given up using swill milk, and had nothing but pure milk in his wagon. I asked him what he was doing in Sixteenth street stables? He replied that he stabled there.

Route No. 24.—Name on back of Wagon, Borchers.

86 Tenth avenue, on both sides.
Took five cans of swill milk from the Sixteenth street stables, and drove to the Harlem Railroad Milk Depot, between Third and Fourth avenues, in Thirty-third street, where he took in four cans of milk, and went on his route.

Gansevoort street, No. 12, grocery, one-half can.

In West Seventeenth street, between Eighth and Ninth avenues, he stopped and beckoned me to drive up to him, which I did; he then asked me what I was following him for; I told him because he was selling swill milk, which he denied, and stated that he got it from the milk depot in Thirty-third street. I told him that I was aware that he obtained some from there, but that he also got some from the Sixteenth street swill stables, which he denied, and said that he got all from the Harlem Railroad Depot. I, however, told him that I saw him take only four cans from there. He then acknowledged that he got the balance from the Sixteenth street stables; he then continued his route.

Grand street, 34, corner of Thompson.
At this place I noticed him take half from the distillery and half from the Harlem Railroad Milk Depot, to make up a full can for his customers, and which he did at all the following places:

Thompson street, 50, bakery
Centre Market place, 4, ten
Baxter street, 148, one can
Ann street, 21, grocery, one can
quarts
He also gave a woman in this house two quarts

Washington street, 168, grocery,
ten quarts; Entchess' Hotel,
161, eight quarts; 136, rear,
two quarts; 127, grocery, one
can
Trinity place, corner of Rector,
48, grocery, one can

Here he told me his milk was all out, and wanted me to go into his wagon and see. I, however, declined, and told him that I thought he had more. He then acknowledged having one can full, and drove up to the stables corner of Sixteenth street and Tenth avenue, where I waited for him a considerable time, but he did not come out again.

Route No. 25.—May 16, Red Wagon, Name William Flake, Eight Cans.

Labelled on the back "Orange County Milk;" on each side
"Pure Milk." Went from Sixteenth street cow-stables to Hudson
Railroad Depot, and got one can of milk.
Sixth avenue, 91, two quarts
Laurens street, 23, half can,
grocery
Houston street, 47, half can,
grocery
Monroe street, 173, one can,
grocery
Trinity place, 14, two quarts;
half can, grocery
Thomas street, 17, four quarts
Morris street, 7, four quarts, hotel
Pearl street, 2, small can, grocery
Rector street, 2, half can, grocery;
15, four quarts, sailors' board-
ing-house; 19, two quarts
Washington street, 97, half can,
grocery; 150, six quarts, board-
ing-house
Cedar street, 128, two quarts
Greenwich street, 158, four quarts
Rose street, 47, one quart

There were two men in the wagon; and when they stopped to deliver milk one would jump out and start on foot with a small can to serve other customers. I concluded it best to stick by the wagon, for fear it might otherwise give me the slip. The man on foot must have delivered over two small cans of swill milk; the addresses I could not, of course, obtain.

Route No. 26.—May 16, No Name on Wagon.

Seventh avenue, 184, 343
West Thirty-first street, 364
Ninth avenue, 335
Fortieth street, 226
South-west corner of Forty-first
street and Ninth avenue, grocery
East Twenty-second street, 195,
138
East Twentieth street, 227
First avenue, 333, 309
East Twenty-first street, 255, 257

Route No. 27.—May 17, E. H. S. on back of Wagon.

Sullivan street, 3, half can
Spring street, 77, half can
Mott street, 221, half can
Elizabeth street, 138, eight quarts;
96, half can
North-west corner of Chrystie and
Hester streets, half can
Vest street, 122, half can; 105
Mulberry street, 79
Roosevelt street, 62
Cherry street, 70, 36, 17
Peck Slip, 15
Frankfort street, 29
William street, 231
Greenwich street, 131
Stone street, 27; this man says
he keeps thirty-nine cows, for
which he pays ten cents per cow
each day for swill.

Route No. 28.—May 17, J. Stevens, 259 West Eighteenth street. Blue Wagon, Sign on back, Putnam Co.

West Eighteenth street, 252, 194, and dared me to follow him, which I did.
West Sixteenth street, 59
East Sixteenth street, 70
Avenue B, 250, one can
Here I had occasion to drive by not serve his customers.
him, and he called me hard names
West Twenty-fifth street, 99,
several families
East Fifteenth street, 220, 280, 282
He then wanted me to leave
him, and said if I did not he should
not serve his customers.

BROOKLYN SWILL MILK ROUTES.

Route No. 2.—May 12, Joseph Jones, Owner, Driver and Proprietor.

Summit street, 95, three quarts;
103, 100
Sackett street, 27, six quarts; 32,
two quarts
Hicks street, 289, fourteen quarts,
boarding-house
Cranberry street, six quarts; 47,
one can
Henry street, 21, four quarts
Concord street, 9, seven quarts
Tillary street, (opposite swill
house) one can; do., grocery,
two cans
Corner of Bridge and Jay streets,
Earnest Baden, one can

ROUTES OF THE SWILL MILK WAGONS.

Reported by our Detectives, and Corrected up to May 15, and Published in our last Edition.

Allen street, 106, 126
Amos street, 204
Amity street, 98
Albany street, 20
Baxter street, 124, 68, 70, 75, 78, 79,
85, 136, 128, 120, 140, 142, 144, 146,
148, 160, 187, 160, 126
Bayard street, 102, 103, 101, 106
Bowery, 287, 384
Bedford street, 17, 19
Broome street, 513
Bleecker street, 20, 19
Cherry street, 92, 70, 36, 17
Clarkson street, 44, 10, 12
Christopher street, 231
Centre Market place
Canal street, 204, 209, 214
City Hall place, 1
Elizabeth street, 227, 233, 178, 180, 134
Edridge street, 157
Ferry street, 169
Ferry street, 15
Frankfort street, 29, 33
Greenwich street, 65, 605, 63, 131
Grand street, 222
Houston street, 302, 332, 333, 334
Hester street, 190, 124, 183, 105
James street, 22
Jersey street, 4, 15
Ludlow street, 192, 183
Lexington avenue, 34
Laurens street, 129, 188, 189, 89, 65,
67, 69
Marion street, 59, 70, 17, 19, 25
Mulberry street, 228, 240, 242, 244, 246,
248, 250, 280, 281, 98, 101, 106, 117,
113, 125, 127, 131, 54, 61, 99, 122, 120
Mott street, 205, 274, 281, 229, 219, 277,
246, 248, 295, 217, 123, 126, 105, 58,
179
Oak street, 25
Oliver street, 63, 67, 96
Pearl street, 489, 476
Prince street, 109, 49, 22, 68
Park street, 31, 54, 43, 38, 27
Roosevelt street, 2, 4, 6, 62
Rivington street, 41
Rector street, 12, 143, 16, 17, 22, 5, 8,
and corner Trinity place
St. Mark's place, 294
Sullivan street, 25, 60, 4
Spring street, 77, corner Crosby
Spruce street, corner Gold
Stone street, 30
Trinity place, 9, 7, 18, 20, 22, 24, 20,
28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38
University place, 69, 42
Vesey street, 19
Water street, 368
Washington street, 73, 79, 3, 98, 77, 75,
89, 117, 51, 35, 93
Whitehall street, 21
Walker street, 114
William street, 229
Avenue A, 89, 11, 207
First avenue, 141, 321, 349
Second avenue, 32, 33, 5, 22, 25
Third avenue, 102, 80, 234, 246
Sixth avenue, 242
Seventh avenue, 129
Eighth avenue, 326
Tenth avenue, 237
First street, 101, 103, 105
Second street, 43, 45, 48, 5, 161, 183,
155
Third street, 48
Fourth street, 458, 460, 447, 443, 445
Fifth street, 72
Sixth street, 90, 96, 60, 62, 70, 7, 9, 18
Eighth street, 82
Ninth street, 158, 177
Eleventh street, St. Vincent's Hospital,
near Greenwich avenue
Twenty-first street, corner Second av.,
79, 194
Twenty-sixth street, corner Tenth av.,
314
East Eighth street, 252, 258
East Ninth street, 244, 258, 260
East Tenth street, 131, 133, 135, 139
East Eleventh street, 42, 139
East Twelfth street, 91, 229
East Thirteenth street, 290, 294, 248,
234, 221, 267
East Fourteenth street, 254
East Fifteenth street, 30, 260, 262
East Sixteenth street, 116, 118, 130,
122, 141, 143
East Seventeenth street, 102
East Eighteenth street, 256, 250, 251,
249, 242, 224, 205
East Nineteenth street, 174, 106, 45
East Twentieth street, 47
East Twenty-second street, 162
East Twenty-fourth street, 36, 45
East Twenty-sixth street, 95
West Tenth street, 12
West Eleventh street, 50
West Thirteenth street, 273
West Sixteenth street, 224
West Seventeenth street, 246, 153, 272
West Nineteenth street, 93, 41, 39, 141
St. Catharine's Convent of the Sisters
of Mercy, corner of Mulberry and
Houston streets
Sixth Ward Hotel

BROOKLYN SWILL MILK ROUTE.

Bridge street, 24
Corner of Concord and Pearl streets
Myrtle avenue, 27
Henry street, 33, 144, 190
Sands street, 33, 46, 122
Adams street, 94, 36, 3
Princes street, 39
York street, 27, 44, 96
Gold street, 27, 33, 124

NOTICE.

Those families who do not receive their milk at the usual time may conclude that they are taking swill milk, as the men followed by our detectives frequently omit the better portion of their customers, so that the numbers of the houses shall not appear in our lists of swill milk routes. We expect in future to be able to give the names upon the wagons, as the measures of the Mayor will compel the owners to paint their names legibly on the sides. Our readers should look in our lists to see if their milkman's name is published there.

HOW THE HARPERS GET THEIR BEST ENGRAVINGS.

A Card to the Public.

OFFICE OF FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
No. 13 FRANKFORD STREET, N.Y., May 14, 1858.

I was attracted this morning by a very imposing placard, extensively posted in our thoroughfares, calling attention to a magnificent view of Utah, which was described as being the best representation of that city ever published. I naturally bought a copy of *Harper's Weekly Journal of Civilization*, to see how far this picture excelled one of the same place published by me August 23, 1856, secured by me at a heavy expense, and which had also been transferred from my columns to the *Illustrirte Zeitung* of Leipzig in their issue of the 16th of January, 1858.

I have no particular objection to the Messrs. Harpers copying my illustrations if they will only acknowledge the source from whence they come; but I, like themselves, when any one trespasses upon their copyrights, naturally feel disinclined to pay for the best cuts in their journal, without at least the bare compliment of an acknowledgment.

Had this been the first time, I should not have called public attention to it, but as this has occurred before I am not willing they should adopt it as a system. I accept the involuntary homage they pay my paper, when they say it is the finest view of Utah ever presented to the American public, although it strikes me as somewhat extraordinary that during the two last years the Mormons have been so fast asleep as not to have built a single house, cow shed or shanty of the meanest description, and I cannot perceive in their picture a single additional building to those already given in my view.

As a proof of the popularity of the picture, I may name that I republished it in my *Christmas Pictorial* as well as in my German *Illustrirte Zeitung*.

Imitation is certainly the most delicate of all compliments; but it may be carried a little too far, as in the present case of appropriation, without the slightest credit.

FRANK LESLIE.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—WILLIAM STUART, SOLE LESSEE

MR. LESLIE, MR. BLAKE,
MR. DAVENPORT and MRS. HOEY,
supported by all the eminent artists attached to this establishment.
Doors open at seven; performances commence at half past seven.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra
Chairs, 51.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY, ABOVE PRINCE ST

Return of the incomparable
H A V E L S.
GABRIEL, ANTOINE and JEROME,
assisted by the double corps of Great Artists, and positively their last per-
formances in America previous to their final retirement from the stage.
Two great pieces,
Doors open at seven; to commence at eight.
Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 60 cents; Upper Boxes, 25 cents.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.

Miss Laura Keene.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
MRS. BOWERS, WITH HER ENTIRE PHILADELPHIA COMPANY,
EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
Doors open at 7; the performance will commence at 8 o'clock.
Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 75 cents; Family Circle,
25 cents; Orchestra Stalls, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—An entirely original Moral Drama.

Engagement of the accomplished and versatile
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Every Evening at 7 1/4 o'clock, and every Wednesday and Saturday After-
noons at 3 o'clock.
Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents,
Happy Family, &c. &c.
Admittance, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.

Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
A select Ethiopian Entertainment, concluding with an entirely original
sketch, by S. Bleeker, introducing a new grand Diorama Panorama, entitled,
THE SLEIGH RIDE.
Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker.
Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at
7 1/4 o'clock precisely.

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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 22, 1858.

Our Exposure of the Milk Trade of New York and Brooklyn.

WHEN we commenced the herculean task of routing out the monstrous Augean swill stables of New York and Brooklyn, we counted the cost, we weighed the risk, we calculated the labor and accepted the heavy responsibility unhesitatingly, as a duty we owed to the public, for the sake of justice and humanity. We apportioned our work, and we did not spare ourselves. We were determined to do it well, fearlessly, truthfully and thoroughly. But we did not calculate to work alone, for the task was such that no one man could achieve it unassisted. We were certain of the public, for the subject was one of vital and immediate interest to all; but as we, peaceable and law-abiding citizens, could not advocate violent measures—though mob law has righted many a less evil than swill milk—we calculated upon being able to drive the ministers of the law to put in practice the lawful remedies. We have succeeded in waking up sundry officials, many of whom seem to think that they are paid by the people to snooze through business hours, so that they might the better enjoy the theatre or a game of billiards in the evening. We have awakened even these somnolent officials, and do not propose to let them go to sleep again during the term of their office. From some of our city authorities we have received active assistance and warm encouragement. His Honor Mayor Tiemann is with us heart and hand, and we wish, for the sake of the cause we are advocating, that his hands were less

trammelled than they are. The report to the City Inspector's office will prove how entirely Mr. Morton sympathizes with our efforts. Many of the city papers have come out strongly and earnestly in support of our course; and those journals who, by their silence, ignore the matter, will feel the withdrawal of public confidence, for silence on such a subject is as culpable as advocating the abuse.

Thus far we are satisfied. Our success with the public is complete; we have awakened the authorities and aroused the press. But we must now insist that the laws which exist be enforced. There are laws which will reach the evils we have illustrated, and it needs but a bold and sudden action of the authorities to sweep away the whole fabric of this pestilent swill milk trade. We insist that there shall be no half measures, no swaying from the strict line of justice, in deference to the social position of the men who will oppose the action. We will have no such shameful huckstering—such truckling to the power of wealth as was exhibited by the Common Council of Brooklyn in the years of 1856-'57. We republish the proceedings to their eternal disgrace; they had a chance then to abolish this nuisance, but the wealth of the distillers was too strong for their honesty or their sense of public responsibility. The circumstances of the case were as follows:

The city employed H. C. Murphy, Esq., to compile and draft the necessary ordinances for the government of the city, for which they paid him \$1,000. He found an ordinance in force prohibiting the keeping of more than three cows on a lot in the first six wards, including the Tenth, Eleventh and Twelfth wards. He submitted the following:

SECTION 20. No person shall have, or keep, or permit to be kept, between the first day of May and the first day of November in any year, on any premises owned or occupied in whole or in part by him or them within the city, more than three cows in any stable or inclosure, or upon any lot of land of not more than twenty-five hundred square feet in superficial extent, or more than four cows upon any lot of not more than half an acre in size, or more than six cows upon any lot of not more than one acre in size, or more than twelve cows upon any lot of larger size, under the penalty of ten dollars for each cow above the number hereby permitted for each stable, inclosure or lots respectively, for each day such additional number shall be kept.

Which was adopted December 26th, 1856.

On Feb. 11th, 1857, an ordinance was passed which contained all the foregoing, but with this addition (which destroyed every benefit conferred by the first), "provided that nothing herein contained shall affect the keeping of more cows than herein provided by the owners of distilleries now in operation, or by milkmen employed in the milk business; and further provided that the provisions of this section shall not apply to the Eighth, Ninth and Eighteenth wards."

Here was a reformatory movement that would have saved all our exposure had there been either honesty or manliness in the Brooklyn Common Council. As it is, the hope of reform was not only crushed, but the infamy of the swill poison trade legalized. Yet these officials were perhaps fathers!—they were certainly the elected guardians of the people's rights, and yet they sacrificed the health and lives of their families and constituents, that a few capitalists should be glutted with the wages of sin and death! These men deserve the execration of every honest, honorable heart, and should be made to feel how traitors to their sacred trust are punished where a proper sense of justice prevails. They should bear the brand upon them.

We call the immediate attention of Mayor Tiemann to Art. 27 of the New Constitution, which prescribes the duties of the "Bureau of Sanitary Inspection," under the control of an officer named the Superintendent of Sanitary Inspection, "and who shall render such services as by ordinances may attach to such Bureau, in cleaning the streets, and in the abatement and removal of nuisances detrimental to the health of the city." The Mayor is the head of the Board of Health, and must be convinced, by the overwhelming evidence we have adduced, that the distilleries and cow stables are nuisances in the worst sense of the word, and fearfully detrimental to the health of the city. The power is certainly vested in the Board of Health to do all that the people require, and only the most culpable neglect or shameful malfeasance of office will prevent the proper action in the premises.

They have full and unqualified power to shut up the distilleries and forbid their erection within the city or its suburbs. The power, full and uncontrollable, is vested in them, and we demand that immediate steps are taken to put this power in action. To the vital interests of nearly a million of people, which call aloud for this sanitary reform, there can be advanced but one objection—the private interests of a few wealthy individuals. One other reason we put down with shame—their wealth, which, in most cases, will outweigh their right, and level all opposition. This will not, however, weigh with Mayor Tiemann. We believe him to be a just and upright man, and we beg him to bear in mind that the cause we advocate is irrespective of party and person—policies are ignored and contracts unsought for—it is the cause of the children and mothers of the people. Hecatombs of murdered children bear witness to the deadly traffic of swill milk! One half of the mortality among our children reaching the fearful amount of nearly seven thousand, are of children under the age of five years, the causes of their deaths being all more or less referable to the use of foul and poisoned milk. If Mayor Tiemann neglects to do his duty in this case—and the course is plain and straightforward to a firm and honorable man—we would not bear the odium and scorn that will cling to his name for all the gold fields of California. The people are aroused to a sense of their danger, they are also aroused to a knowledge of the gross infamy of their Civic Governors, who, with a full and unqualified power in their hands to abate the evils, and with a perfect understanding of the pest-house nuisances which we have come forward to expose, still refuse to stir in the matter, but rather give encouragement by winking at the crime. The people are aroused, we say, to a full knowledge of these things, and the least supineness on the part of the authorities in meting out justice to the offenders, would in all probability induce them to take the law into their own hands—a course which, under any other circumstances, we should deeply deplore. The expression of public opinion by means of public meetings has been suggested, and would, in our opinion, have great weight. A Vigilance Committee to watch the action of the authorities should be formed, to collect evidence, and impeach those who shrink or wilfully neglect their duty. Energetic action now, while the subject is before the people, will surely be crowned with success.

Our Next Number.

In our next number we shall give the interesting visit of our artists, with the Health Wardens, to the Thirty-ninth street swill cow-stables—driving off the swill cows by night, and a host of striking pictures and important facts, physicians' testimony, &c. We have troubled our detective force; and our swill milk routes will be very much larger than any we have yet published.

The Cowskin.

AMONG the city intelligence lately, in the *Herald*, was an account of a horsewhipping affray at the junction of Grand street and East Broadway, in which a woman (we will not say lady), administered a castigation to a man. Were this thing a matter of rare occurrence it would not be worthy a notice; we should only regard it as the act of some degraded creature, who was lost to all shame, and sought her revenge by the method best suited to the abasement of her position. But for the last few years it has become a matter of common occurrence, and women have taken in their own hands this weapon of offence, using it as though it were the natural substitute for their tongue.

Now, in the first place, we hold that if it be cowardly for a man to strike a woman, it is far more cowardly for a woman to strike a man. In the first case, she can resent the blows, and make it more than a fair fight; but in the latter, a man must stand unresistingly and allow the weaker vessel to shower her blows, without the privilege of a crack back. And so, we opine, are these cowhiding affairs; there is nothing for the cowed but to stand still, and let the cowhider finish the job; any effort on his part at resistance would only call in the aid of the gallant bystanders, and an exchange from one adversary to many. To treat the matter seriously, we cannot conceive a more degrading act for a woman than to raise her hand against a man, and doubly so, when taking advantage of her weakness, she attacks him in the public streets, relying on the aid of a mob to assist the outrage. Every gentleman stands ready to take up the righteous quarrel of a lady, and every lady will find it to her advantage to place her wrongs in the hands of an honorable man, rather than be her own avenger. Be assured that a woman who is so lost to the propriety of her sex as to so resent slander, must deserve the very defamation she is resenting.

LITERATURE.

THE RIFLE RANGERS; OR, ADVENTURES IN SOUTHERN MEXICO. By Captain MAYNE REID. Beautifully Illustrated with Eight Engravings.

THE SCALP HUNTERS; OR, ADVENTURES AMONG THE TRAITERS. By Captain MAYNE REID. Beautifully Illustrated from Designs by N. Orr. New York: Robert M. De Witt.

The popularity of Captain Mayne Reid's books among young people is deservedly great. His happy and simple manner of writing interests the sympathies of all, and his narrations are replete with thrilling situations, hairbreadth escapes and romantic incidents, and abound with useful information respecting the manners and customs of the people of whom he writes. His books possess a wonderful fascination for the young, and amuse the children of larger growth. We can commend the "Rifle Rangers," and the "Scalp Hunters," as among the most charming of Captain Mayne Reid's works. The illustrations are very striking, and the works are brought out in an elegant manner by Robert M. De Witt.

DRAMA.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—We have nothing new to chronicle of this Garden and the incomparable Ravens. On Wednesday Gabriel took his last benefit in the New World, and performed in eight characters. The audience gave him a reception at once touching and enthusiastic.

LAURA KEENE'S NEW THEATRE.—The patriotic drama of "Blanche of Brandywine," with the aid of a comeliest, has filled the house. On Saturday Miss Keene took her farewell benefit, and closed the season. Mr. Sotherton performed on Wednesday for Jefferson's benefit.

WALLACK'S THEATRE.—A new comedy, called "Americans in Paris; or, a Game at Dominoes," was produced on Monday. We must postpone our remarks till next week.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS.—We notice that the imitable George Christy has gone to give the Californians a taste of his quality. His place is ably supplied, and the business management of the proprietor is so admirable that every night the building is filled with a delighted audience.

BARNEYS MUSEUM.—"The Bride of an Evening" has been the chief dramatic attraction, and has amply sustained the credit of the stage manager. The curiosities are, as usual, the distinguishing feature, which makes it almost the nearest approach to the British Museum.

PERSONAL.

OUR lively contemporary the *Picayune* gave a serious and striking illustration of the swill milk trade this week. It is serious in a good cause, and its earnestness will be felt. It is a capital little paper, full of humor and wit and a thousand pleasant things. In the present number is commenced a new story, entitled "Ricketty Dick; or, I Love You," by the author of "David Dufficks," which will run the paper up greatly without a doubt, for the author wields an elegant but powerful pen; his humor is both genial and caustic, and he is a keen observer. The New York *Picayune* is bound to go ahead.

DEATH OF W. H. HERBERT.—We regret to announce the death of this well-known and accomplished writer, who fell by his own hand on Monday morning, the 17th inst. He was staying at the Stevens House, formerly Delmonico's, Bowling Green, Broadway. His death must have been instantaneous, as the ball had penetrated his heart. We shall publish his portrait and biography in our next number.

NAVY.

The British screw steamer *Saladin* arrived at New York on the 12th, from Jamaica, with 61 of the crew and officers belonging to the United States steam frigate *Susquehanna*, who were sent ashore at Kingston, they being sick of the yellow fever. The men speak in the highest terms of the noble conduct of the British authorities, especially Admiral Stewart, who had the hospital placed at their immediate disposal. To this heroic conduct—for it is heroic to risk the contagion of that dreadful pest, the yellow fever—the men owe their lives. Despite all the care and attention of the English, twenty-one of our gallant sailors succumbed to this deadly plague.

The following are the names of the officers of the *Susquehanna* that arrived in the *Saladin*: Lieutenant J. C. Howell; Alexander Henderson, second assistant engineer; Glinsey King, third assistant engineer; John Grier, third assistant engineer; M. Cushman, third assistant engineer.

The United States steam frigate *Powhatan* arrived at Mauritius on the 23d of March, on her way to China, and was still in the harbor on the 27th of that month.

The United States steamer *San Jacinto* arrived at Hong Kong from Manila on the 10th of March.

The United States steam frigate *Mississippi* sailed from Shanghai for Manila on the 8th of March.

We understand that the United States steam frigate *Colorado* will probably go to sea from Hampton Roads to-morrow, the Commodore having received his instructions by Saturday's mail from the Department. She will proceed direct to St. Domingo, for the purpose of settling some points of complaint against that semi-barbarous power, and if necessary teach it how to behave itself.

The United States sloop-of-war *Portsmouth*, Commander Foot, sailed from Manila March 5, for Port-moath.

The United States Vandalia, Commander Sinclair, arrived at Panama on Sunday, the 25th ult.

The United States steamer *Shubrick*, Commander Decamp, U. S. N., engaged in the light-house service, arrived at Panama on Wednesday, the 28th ult. She would sail on the 8th inst. for San Francisco.

The sloop-of-war *Decatur* was at Panama on the 4th inst. The health of her officers and crew is reported "deplorable."

The United States steam frigate *Merrimac* was also at Panama. Officers and crew all well.

The United States store ship *Relief*, Commander Strong, remained at Aspinwall, 5th inst.

The Jamestown was at San Juan del Norte at last advices.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

PURGATORY VS. MATRIMONY.—By the way, the "ghost of the departed" reminds me of Joe Kelly's ghost coming to his wife.

"Molly," says he, "I'm in Purgatory at this present."

"And what sort of a place is it?" says she.

"Faith, it's a sort of a half-way house between you and Heaven," says Joe "but I stand it mighty aisy after myn gin."

An old woman called lately at a shop to purchase some oranges. In the course of conversation she stated that she had just got off one of her daughters. On the shopkeeper congratulating her on the event, she gave a significant shake of her head, adding, "I may well be glad, sir, for they are just like these oranges—they duns do to be long kept."

THE BANKS OF THE NITH.

Sweet banks the Nith, where in childhood I wander'd,
Add where my young fancy first pictures drew;
Thou'rt still in my dream, tho' we long have been sunder'd,
And many bright scenes since have dawn'd on my view.

Among thy lov'd valleys I sung my rude numbers,
When Nature with rapture first kindled my eye—
And there a fond mother watch'd over my slumbers,
And taught me the page that can fit me to die.

I think of the village and warm-hearted people,
Who won my attachment in earlier days;
And behold on the hill the "suld kirk," with its steeple,
Where oft I have chanted my Saviour's praise.

Around rest the ashes of some dear connection,
Or once little playmate who shared in my glee;
And if 'tis not vain to indulge the reflection,
There also the green grass shall wave o'er me.

Dear home of my fathers! 'twas painful to leave thee,
Every life of my bosom asunder was rent;
Yet however much the occasion may grieve me,
Now the pang has been met, I do not repent.

I love "Merrie England," its sons and fair daughters,
All its kindness to me I can never forget;
When friendless I ventur'd o'er Solway's broad waters,
And on its fair shores first my footsteps I set.

Sweet banks of the Nith I still of thee I am dreaming,
And gaze on thy charms as in life's early morn;
When thy woods in the beauty of summer were blooming,
And I pluck'd the wild roses that grew on the thorn!

Two Irishmen, on landing on this country and sitting down to their first dinner on shore, found on the table a dish of prepared mustard which neither of them had ever happened to meet before. One of them took a spoonful at a venture, which quickly brought a deluge of tears to his eyes.

"What are you crying about?" asked his companion.

"I was crying at the recollection of my poor father who was hung about twenty years ago."

The dinner proceeded, and soon the other made a dip into the mustard with a similar result.

"What are you crying about?" was the grave inquiry of his comrade.

"I am crying because you were not hung when your father was."

"My dear, what shall we name Bub?"

"Why, husband, I've settled on the name of Peter."

"Oh, don't," he replied; "I never liked Peter, for he denied his master."

"Well, then," replied the wife, "what name do you like?"

"I should like the name of Joseph."

"Oh, not that," replied she, "I can't bear Joseph, for he denied his mistress!"

SHIPS AT SEA.

I have ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But keep sailing to and fro.

I have seen them, in my sleep,
Plunging through the shoreless deep,
With tatter'd sails and batter'd hulls,
While around them scream'd the gulls,
Flying low, a long low.

I have wonder'd why they stayed
From me sailing round the world;
And I've said, "I'm half afraid
That their sails will ne'er be furled.

Great the treasures that they hold,
Silks, and plumes, and bars of gold,
While the spices which they bear
Fill with fragrance all the air,
As they sail, as they sail.

Every sailor in the port
Knows that I have ships at sea;
Of the waves and winds the sport,
And the sailors pity me.

Oft they come and with me walk,
Cheering me with hopeful talk,
Till I put my fears aside,
And contented watch the tide
Rise and fall, rise and fall.

I have waited on the pier,
Gazing for them down the bay,
Days and nights, for many years,
Till I turned heartsick away.

But the pilots, when they land,
Stop and take me by the hand,
Saying, "You will live to see
Your proud vessels come from sea,
One and all, one and all."

So I never quite despair,
Nor let hope or courage fail;
And some day, when skies are fair,
Up the bay my ships will sail.

I can buy, then, all I need,
Prints to look at, books to read,
Horses, wines, and works of art,
Everything except a heart—
That is lost, that is lost.

Once, when I was pure and young,
Poorer, too, than I am now,
Ere a cloud was o'er me flung,
Or a wrinkle creased my brow,

There was one whose heart was mine,
But she's something now divine,
And, though come my ships from sea,
They can bring no heart to me,
Evermore evermore.

"YOUNG man," said a puzzled traveller at a point in his journey where the way diverged in different directions, "which of these roads will take me to Manchester?"

"Neither, sir; but if you will wait an hour the stage will be along and take you to town for a quarter."

"You appear to be a shrewd boy, but not particularly charged with m. aers. How old are you?"

"I'm bobbing round in my fifteenth year; and as for being shrewd, I reckon me that way, round here. I have knocked the spots off Old Daball, beat the schoolmaster at seven-up and parring; but when you talk about being charged with m. aers, I'm well loaded, and rammed, too."

"Have you parents living?"

"Parents!—if you mean the old man and woman—no, I thank you; I said and left me to play the thing alone."

"With whom do you reside?—I mean, with whom do you live?"

"Well, thar! if you call living being bound out till you're one an' two to one of the meanest men that ever sat down to a billed dinner, I live up hill there, to Old Wagoner's, who farms it with me and a yoke of roan stage."

"My young friend, your early culture seems to have been sadly neglected. Have you ever enjoyed Sabbath privileges?"

"You'd better think so: there ain't a hedgehog nor a woodchuck within three miles of here. Old Wagoner has the meat, and I the hide and tallos."

"What may I call your name, my good boy?"

"You can't make any mistake, call me what you're got the most of; my general name is Alph Cheesebro'—for quick they call me Cheesey. I have wasted more time now than common; I can hear old man giving ton and I must worm off, or the old boy will be here and lick us both. So, cap consider me yours, and if you'll eddy round some Sunday, I'll show you or pay the rum."

AN AMERICAN lady, travelling to Europe in the steamer *Frank* had a state-room full of odd creatures near her, who slept all day, while course made them miserably wakeful during the night, and gave them for the practice of various melodies, among which the whooping cough was to be the favorite. One morning she heard the Yankee steward inquire kindly as to the health of one of the ladies, who was for ever complaining headache. She responded despairingly:

"Oh, ver bad. All se night I vas more seek san avair. Ze head, ze ze limbs, ze bad I cannot tell—"

"Would you like some breakfast, madame?"

"Don't know; ver sick wix ze sea mal. Vot ave you?"

"Get you anything nice, madame?"

"Ave you ze beefsteak?"

"Yes, madame."

"I takes ze beefsteak. Ave you ze mouton chop—ze potato—ze toma wix ze cufs and hot cake?"

"Anything else you would like to have, madame?"

"Ah, mon Dieu! I cannot tell; I ver indispoe. Stop, gargon; after I bit, bring ze lobster, oowumber, and ze oil!"



SECOND STREET CEMETERY, NEW YORK, THE BURIAL PLACE OF PRESIDENT MONROE.

TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTHERN COUNTIES OF CALIFORNIA.

(Continued from page 393.)

The inhabitants of this village occupy themselves in the transit of the red wood which is cut in the neighboring mountains, number of sawmills having been erected there. The red wood is a certain resemblance to red cedar, and, being almost entirely void of resin, is susceptible of a very high polish. It splits very easily, is very straight, and has very few knots. Some of the trees measure from fifteen to twenty-five feet in diameter.

Having taken my quarters for the night at the tavern, I naturally calculated upon a good night's rest. But man proposes and the devil disposes, as I found to my cost, for after pursuing the road all day I had to pursue all night those natural enemies to sleep already alluded to.

I thanked my stars when daylight dawned and I was enabled to leave the rack on which I had been stretched. When I went down to breakfast I thanked the landlord in appropriate terms for his accommodation. To my surprise, he did not take the communication kindly, but actually, while I was bitten all over, did the audacity to deny that there was a bed-bug in his house. In addition to this insensibility to bed-bugs, the inhabitants of the redwood city are noted for their strong attachment to summary justice, which, perhaps, may be the same mood in different phases. I will illustrate this with an anecdote. The news having reached the citizens of this great place that Cora and Casey were to be hanged, and having no means of transporting themselves to San Francisco in time to enjoy the exhilarating spectacle of seeing two human beings strung up, they were charmed by the master of a sloop offering to convey them across the bay to the scene of amusement. Being a good navigator, he was fortunate enough to find his excited cargo in time for the hanging. Full of gratitude, one of these lovers of a disgusting excitement wrote a card thanking him for his celerity and attention. This was duly inserted in the San Francisco Evening Bulletin.

To return to myself—having bought another hat, boots, and a whip, I engaged a smart lad, a native of the redwood city, and one to whom all its muddy mysteries are known, to pilot me out of its slough of despond and dry land again, and was so delighted when I found myself on a more hard soil, that I solemnly pronounced the same youthful and skilful pilot as the sole heir of the miscellaneous articles I had lost, provided he did find them in that ocean of mud they were imbedded in—a contingency which I considered very probable.

I left with only one spur, because I did not wish to go more expensive; besides, I have found by experience that one spur answers exactly the same purpose as two, since the unspurred side of the mule never remained behind. Thus I jogged on with the coast range mountains to the right, and some finely cultivated wheat and ley fields to the left, over a level country, studded with oak trees and many flourishing farms. I saw signs of ground squirrels which undermine the ground, making the same unsafe for horsemen, and which are very destructive to the farms, as they eat the roots of young plants. They are killed in traps, and by poison, although the most effectual method is to inundate lands, when they are drowned in their holes. It is a curious fact that a snake, a squirrel and an owl recently inhabit the same hole.

In the afternoon I arrived at the flourishing town of Santa Clara, where I intended to remain a few days. Taking a stroll through the town I met a native boy mounted on an ox, which was saddled and bridled, and which appeared as thoroughly trained to it as though it were a hunter. It was a very odd sight.

The principal attraction of Santa Clara is the ancient mission, the buildings of which have been remodelled into a college for boys, conducted by a number of Jesuits, by whom all branches of education are taught. The President of this establishment died during my stay here, of tetanus or lockjaw, having stepped upon a nail. He was an Italian by birth, named Nobile, and much esteemed by all classes. There are at the present time about a hundred boys educated here, from all parts of California, about one-half of whom are Protestants.

Leaving Santa Clara I travelled towards San Jose, over a pleasant road, called the "Alameda," both sides of which are lined with high poplar and willow trees, planted by the old padres, rendering thus promenading very agreeable. On it I met a number of ladies and gentlemen on horseback. The ladies were very pretty, although they disfigured themselves by wearing a species of black hat or cap, with bits of white feather stuck on it, which gave them the appearance of having just crawled out of a damaged feather bed, with some of the down still sticking to their hair. They were all bold riders, and endeavored to outstrip each other, laughing and shouting, when of a sudden out rushed a large bulldog, which commenced barking and snapping

at the legs and nose of the horse of the foremost and triumphant rider, which began to kick and rear so violently that the rider was thrown most ignominiously into a ditch, which, although unpleasant, was somewhat fortunate, for the ditch was full of mud and soft, while had he been pitched on the road, which was hard, he might have broken his neck. When he crawled out the metamorphosis was striking and complete. A scavenger would not have ventured to approach him. His face and dress were covered with a black mud, the effluvia of which kept the company at a respectful distance. This, however, did not prevent their uproarious laughter, and the discomfited young man, doubtless considering that he had enjoyed enough sport for one day, rode home.

Commodore Stockton is the proprietor of the fine tract of land to the left of the Alameda, on the way from Santa Clara to San Jose, and which is several miles long. He purchased it, with the stock on it, for eight thousand dollars, which sum the stock alone was fully worth. The land is laid out in farms, some of which have been sold, and a number of handsome houses built on them.

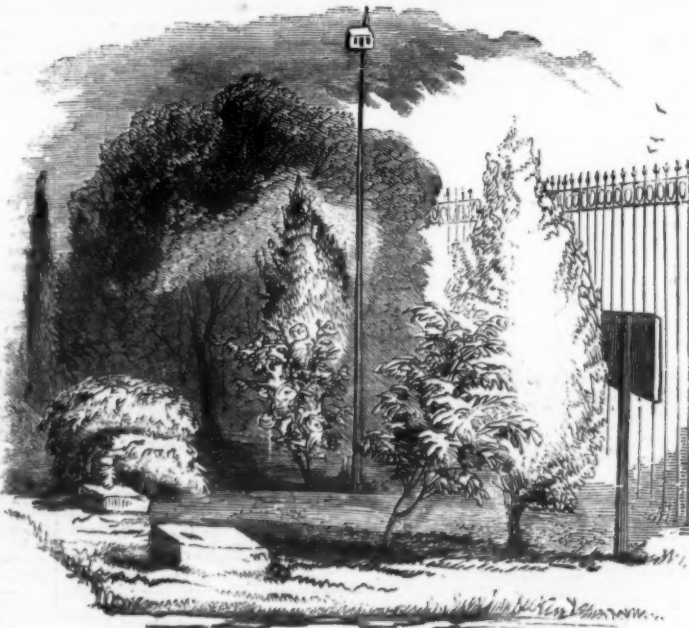
I was greeted on entering San Jose by an immense dust cloud, which kept me at bay for at least ten minutes, with my back against the wind, while I adjusted my goggles. This seemed such an extraordinary sight to some native women and children who were riding in a queer kind of car, that they actually stopped the oxen drawing it, that they might have a good look at me. They had evidently never seen goggles before. There was much laughing and jabbering from the car, in which I counted the heads of nine women and children. How they could find room for their bodies, as well as their heads, will ever remain an enigma to me. An Indian driver sat in front, and some men followed on horseback.

San Jose is a pretty town, and would be indeed charming, if proper attention were paid to the condition of the streets, mud and water making the same almost impassable during the rainy season. In the dry season all this mud changes into dust, which flies all day and part of the night over the whole city. Although some substantial brick buildings have been erected of late, most of the houses are built of wood. Some of the Adobe houses remain, which are inhabited by Mexicans and natives. The church and female academy, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, are imposing edifices, so is the court-house; these are built of brick. The surrounding country, which is called the San Jose Valley, is very level, but it has a rich soil, and is very thickly settled.

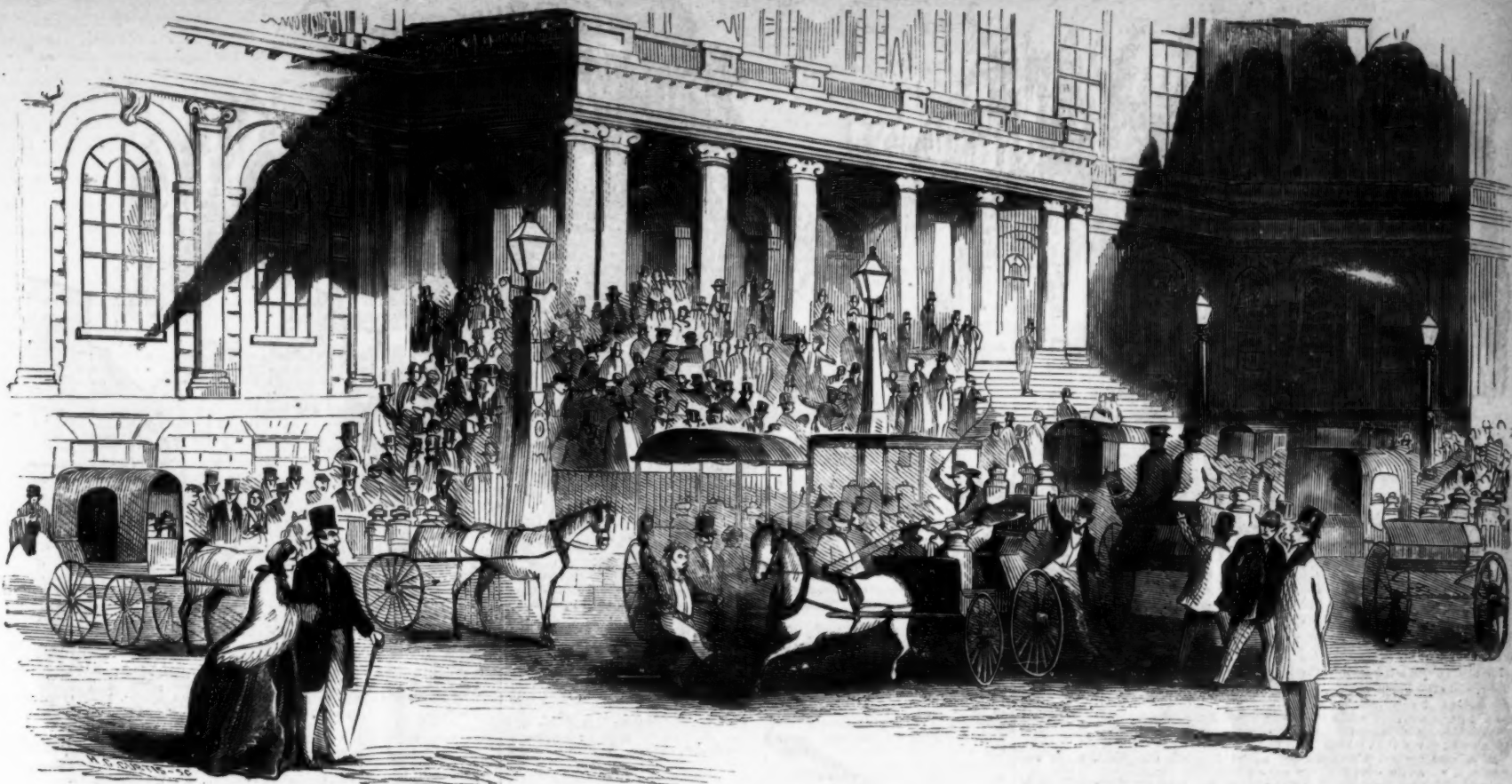
It was here that I met a Mexican who had witnessed some few months since a dreadful battle between the San Jacinto Indians and another mountain tribe. The principal weapons were tomahawks and bows and arrows. Although the battle waged some hours, only fourteen of the braves were slain. These Indian warriors make a hideous yelling, screeching and howling, but do not slaughter many of their enemies; this takes place generally in their midnight attacks. My sketch gives a very graphic idea of one of these battles.

THE TOMB OF MONROE.

The old saying, that republics are ungrateful, has certainly a confirmation in the neglect which the United States have paid to the graves of Monroe and Madison; the former, author of the famous principle, which is as



GRAVE OF MONROE IN THE SECOND STREET CEMETERY.



SCENE IN THE PARK. THE SWILL MILK MEN ARRESTED AND TAKEN BEFORE THE MAYOR, AMID THE JEERS OF THE CROWD AND SHOUTS OF HURRAH FOR FRANK LESLIE!

remarkable for its boldness as for its inutility, since we have never had an administration sufficiently daring to carry out its doctrine. What renders the neglect more coincidental is the fact that both were twice Presidents of our Republic. It would seem as though the compliment of a second Presidency was considered a sufficient monument to his worth. We are happy to know that this neglect of years has at last been remedied, the Legislature of Virginia having appropriated two thousand dollars to defray the expenses of removing the remains of President

The intended monument will be erected in Hollywood Cemetery, in the capital of his native State, never again, let us hope, to be disturbed.

FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT ON THE GRAND CENTRAL RAILROAD.

An appalling accident occurred on the morning of the 11th instant, by which nine persons were instantly killed and nearly

was more like punk than wood, and several witnesses swore that its insecurity was a matter of common conversation. Let us advise all those who discover these things to drop a line, with their name and address, to us, specifying particulars, and we will soon have the matter set to rights. We should like also to have a sketch of the supposed defective parts. A person who visited the scene of desolation says:

There is now no doubt but that the accident occurred through the voluntary breaking of these timbers by the weight of the two locomotives passing over the bridge at the same time. The greater portion of the heart of the wood is like so much punk, and the wonder is that the bridge had stood so long.

The smash is a most terrible one, and the ruins convey a vivid impression of the horrors of the disaster. Between the stone abutments of the bridge is a space of thirty-two feet; the ordinary length of a car is thirty-five feet, and the depth to the bottom of the creek is nine feet. Three entire cars lay lengthwise, crushed up like a telescope, between the abutments of the bridge—thus occupying a space of but little more than the length of one car.

Our engravings, however, so vividly portray the horrible scene that little description is needed.

The first and second cars cannot be distinguished one from the other. The third car is entirely demolished, except about one-third of the rear. On the sides of the cars and on the timbers of the bridge are frightful stains of human blood.

The names of those killed on the spot are: H. Moore, of Rising Sun, Indiana, head crushed; two children of Abraham Mack, of Cincinnati; an unknown man, lying in the baggage-room at Utica; an Irishman, aged apparently sixty years, name unknown; his head is entirely jammed in and he seems to have died instantly; a negro, whose legs are cut off; an infant child of Karl Hover, of St. Louis. Some of the wounded have died since the accident. The list of the wounded is too long for our columns.

A spectator says: The engines crossed the bridge, but as the passenger cars of the express and the freight cars of the accommodation came upon it, the north side gave way, precipitating the freight cars into the creek, piling the passenger cars one above the other and splintering the platforms and seats to atoms as the cars struck the abutments. The passenger car on the accommodation did not reach the bridge.

A Testimonial from Boston to Mayor Tiemann.

MANY personal friends and admirers of the public course of Mayor Tiemann, residing in Boston, subscribed for and purchased a beautiful chaise, which was presented to him quite unexpectedly at the City Hall, on Friday morning, the 14th inst.



THE DISTILLERY MILK MEN SMASHING UP THE WAGON OF OUR DETECTIVE, AND THROWING IT INTO THE CREEK, ON THE MORNING OF THE 1ST OF MAY.

Monroe from the Second street Cemetery, New York, to Virginia, and to erect a suitable monument to his memory. It is certainly a reflection upon the chivalry of the Old Dominion that both Madison and Monroe were her sons.

The ex-President Monroe has, till now, rested in the cemetery in Second street, just below the Third avenue, with the bare inscription of his name upon a slab. He expired on the morning of the 4th of July, 1831, and his funeral was one of the most imposing ever witnessed in New York. General Morton, who commanded the military on that occasion, now takes his last sleep not far from the ex-President.

Few of the thousands who pass in a living stream down the Third avenue are aware of the very picturesque graveyard where, for a quarter of a century, the ashes of President Monroe have reposed. Indeed, it looks as quiet and retired as though it were far away, and not in the heart of the most ancient city in the New World.

This proposed removal to Virginia will not be the first time the honored bones of James Monroe have been disturbed, for the body was first interred in the old New York Marble Cemetery, in Mr. Norris's vault, who allowed it to remain there till the new cemetery was completed. It was then deposited in the vault built by the Gouverneur family, where it has slumbered till the present time—sharing its sepulchre with Mr. Tillotson; so that till now the once famous President of the great Republic had not even a grave of his own. Near his present resting-place, Thomas Addis Emmet is slowly crumbling into dust, and others of equal fame are gathered around him. A few years ago the tomb was opened to remove a body, and the coffin was exposed to view. The outside, which was of mahogany, was in excellent preservation, and bore this inscription:

JAMES MONROE,
of Virginia.
Died, July 4, 1831,
Aged 74 years.

The body is inclosed in a leaden coffin under the mahogany.

forty severely maimed and otherwise injured. It occurred at half-past six o'clock A.M., by the crushing of a bridge over the Sauquoit creek, near Whitesboro', and some three or four miles from Utica. It is another proof of the infamous disregard of human life shown by the directors of our railroads, all their care, seemingly, being given to the issuing of forged scrip and the swindling of the shareholders. It was clearly proved that the bridge, over which two heavy trains sometimes passed at the same minute,



APPEARANCE OF THE SCENE AFTER THE FEARFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT, NEAR UTICA, MAY 11TH, 1858.

MORNING FLOWERS.

By Mrs. M. S. B. Dana Shindler.

Ye beautiful flowers! the fresh dew of morning
On every fair petal is lingering still;
Ye read me a lesson, ye bring me a warning,
With varying feelings my bosom ye fill.

The lesson ye read me is glorious and cheering—
Ye tell me of Him whose creation ye are;
And whenever my soul is desponding and fearing,
The sight of fresh flowers can banish my fear.

They tell of thy goodness, oh, Father in Heaven!
To hearts that are wearied with earth and its cares;
Those beautiful flowers thy mercy has given,
To brighten a world full of sorrow and tears.

Ye bring me a warning; before many hours
Ye'll lie on my bosom all drooping and pale;
Ye must wither and die—oh, my beautiful flowers!
And thus all earth's treasures must vanish and fail.

But thanks be to God! e'en in fading and dying,
Ye'll breathe out your fragrance more sweetly than now;
So, when stricken to earth all my treasures are lying,
Will their value increase if subsistive I bow.

ISABELLA SEYTON, OR, MY FIRST AND LAST DUEL.

I RETURNED to my lodgings one gloomy night, my mind being oppressed by the ill-success of my suit with the beautiful Isabella Seyton. I had long loved this beautiful maid with an affection as ardent as sincere; but I was unfortunate in my pursuit, but I could never say that I would cease to love or cease to seek her love.

Isabella Seyton was the daughter of an ancient family in the north of England. I first met her at my cousin's—I was struck with her commanding figure and fine form. She was the star, the beauty, in fact, of that part of the country. I saw, and, unlike the Roman conqueror, I was conquered; my transient fancy was chained at last, and I gloried in my bonds; for never had I seen so much fascinating grace, or so many rare beauties in any one individual in the course of my life.

I became acquainted with her brother, and through him I got an introduction to her, and after about half an hour's conversation I felt convinced that she was as sensible and accomplished as she was beautiful; but there was a fault, could it be otherwise, for when was man or woman born faultless? The most beautiful, too, are those in whom faults are the most conspicuous, because they are more observed than others. She had a concealed vanity, a thing she was aware of, and against which she apparently guarded, but which broke out occasionally, and besides this, she was ambitious.

In one so far and so flattered and moving in such a sphere, these failings, if they be such, could be no matter of surprise; but this I knew not at that time. To me she was all perfection and beauty, and I loved her, ay, loved her with my whole heart and soul.

My devotion was constant and untiring; I never ceased to pay constant deference and attention to her for near two years before I contrived to break my secret to her; her conduct on that occasion was at least singular.

"Miss Seyton," said I, "you cannot be ignorant of the nature of my feelings towards you, and I have ever sought an opportunity to declare the passion you have inspired me with. Will you so far pardon me as to allow me to express an earnest desire that I might be permitted to hope?"

"I may save you some trouble, sir," she exclaimed; "but I am as yet much too young to bind myself to any engagement of this nature, especially without the sanction of my parents."

"I do not desire to do so; but, with their ultimate sanction, may I hope that I shall inspire you with a stronger feeling than mere friendship. Can I gain your love?"

"I know not," she replied, "what you may do in the course of time; but though I have a great regard for you, and esteem you as one of my best friends, yet I do not wish to say more."

"I hope to continue, then," I replied, "your best friend, until I may change the designation into a dearer title than that—to see and converse with you on the footing of friendship will be a great privilege, and one which I hope to improve; for I honestly tell you that I love you dearly, and it is your love in return that I seek."

She smiled, and held out her hand to me, saying, as she did so, "I prefer the character of friend to that of lover—time may change and alter my opinion, but such it is at present."

Little more was said on the subject at that time, but from her frank manner and bearing I thought she felt somewhat upon the subject of our conference. Her eyes sparkled as she held out her hand towards me, as if it were a silent pledge of future hope and of future success. These, at all events, were my thoughts upon the occasion.

We parted that day, mutually pleased with each other. I continued to visit her family often, and becoming her attendant squire, I accompanied her everywhere she went.

About this time she became acquainted with an individual who was introduced to her at a ball given by the inhabitants to a party of officers who came there, and it was expected, would make a lengthened stay.

Charles Henrick was a man that it would be almost impossible to resist. A fine figure and handsome countenance he possessed in common with great powers of persuasion, and an elegance of deportment, combined with a military air, for he bore the rank of captain in a horse regiment.

I saw from the first that Isabella listened with pleasure to the soft accents that flowed from his lips. The demon of jealousy entered my soul. I could see at once that he followed; and yet I determined to strive against fate. I was her constant attendant—I entirely devoted myself to her, and yet I thought she looked coldly on me, and I felt a chill at my heart.

Fearful of proceeding further lest I should be rejected, and being equally fearful of holding back, as my rival, for such I looked upon him, would gain time, and supplant me in the affections of my mistress, I determined to make my next application to Isabella's parents; I was warranted in doing this, because in my previous conversation with her she named her parents' consent as indispensable; and their influence I knew I should possess against Captain Henrick, for whatever might be the extent of his personal attractions for a female, or her private worth, yet I pretty well knew that he did not possess the necessary quality to persuade Mr. Seyton to accept him as his son-in-law. He had little more than his sword, and a man of his fashion and habits could not possibly exist upon such an income.

I took the first opportunity to lay my case open to her father, and begged his concurrence and assistance. This he promised to give me, and after wishing me success he said he would speak to his daughter in my behalf. I then left the house, having no mind to say more to Isabella until I saw the effect of her father's authority.

Two days afterwards I called upon Isabella, and saw her. I thought she looked paler than usual, but there was an expression of determination on her countenance, and I looked with secret awe upon her. I had now come to know what was my fate, and though disheartened, I was not beaten until she had entirely dismissed me, and even then I should never cease to be her friend. She received me with courtesy, but coldly.

"I am come, Isabella," said I, "to remind you of a former interview I had with you, and the nature of our conversation. I sought your love, which you said I might obtain in time—that time I believe must be this—I have already informed your father of everything, and he has been pleased to sanction my suit; may I be as successful with you?"

"I know not what to say to you; you have, I suppose, my father's sanction for all that you do?"

"Yes, I have."

"And you have proposed him in your favor, of course, and then comes my good papa, and lectures me most dreadfully, because I cannot do, say, or look as you would wish. This is the fact, is it not?" she exclaimed.

I was rather unprepared for this kind of attack, and endeavored to point out to her that I had been guilty of no improper act.

"I do not accuse you of any, sir, but pray, what is it you would desire of me?"

"I would desire much, Isabella," said I, endeavoring to take her hand, which she withheld; "but I most desire your love—I have long known you, and so long loved you, and I hoped some time back that I should be fortunate enough, by attention and assiduity, to win a return to my love."

"I need hardly tell you, sir, that your love gives you no title to mine; if it did, the same might be urged by many if they chose; it requires something more."

"I know this," replied I, "but I hoped that as you had sanctioned my paying court to you, you would have had less objection than might otherwise have been to my suit."

"I only wanted what you earnestly besought me to permit, and that without any promise, but a mere admission of what might probably occur; but it has not happened, and I am not able to give you the favorable answer you require. I wish, for your sake, I could be able to do it, but I cannot; further explanation or conversation upon this point will only tend to render things most distressing."

"Well, madam," I replied, "my hopes are at an end, and my prospects of happiness blighted for ever."

"I hope not—I sincerely hope not—time and change will do much, and you are not the man to be refused by anybody."

"My experience teaches me otherwise," I replied with a sigh.

She said no more, but rising, left the room, and I saw no more of her that day. I did not attempt to rise and leave the house for near an hour, but sat pondering over the nature of the refusal. It was kindly done, but yet most unkind. I could not tear her image from my heart—it was too deeply engraven on to be erased by any effort of mine.

"Ah, Isabella—cruel girl! Am I rejected for a mere adventurer? I can never cease to love the cruel girl; and while I live I will ever watch over thy

welfare and protect thee, if possible; for I see that thy fate will be a hard one, though of thy own choosing; but still I fear for thee."

I left the house with a heavy heart, and returned to my own lodgings. The weather was in union with my own feelings, being miserable as can be well imagined. I seated myself before the fire, but it seemed to burn but slowly, and not a cheerful spark could I draw from it. Feeling unhappy and restless, I determined upon retiring to my bed, and went immediately.

I did so, but repented of my having done so; for so restless I became that I thought I should have been obliged to get up again. However, I fell into a disturbed slumber—disturbed it was, for I dreamed a horrible dream.

I thought I was walking with Isabella, and enjoyed her smiles. We were conversing of love, and the joys that awaited us. Ah! these were happy moments—moments that gave me a foretaste of Heaven! A cloud was in the distance. I had my arm round Isabella's waist, and tasted the nectar of her lips. I pointed out the spire in the distance, and was urging her to this spot, and she, half smiling, half refusing, was slowly following the track I had chosen. I was happy, while she appeared happy and content; when suddenly, as we neared the spot, a viper coiled itself and reared its head above the surrounding objects, right in our path, and stopped us. I strove to strike it, but it was not to be so easily beaten off; and, despite of all my endeavors, it became violent and threatening, and at length bit Isabella. Maddened by this I aimed a blow, when I awoke, and found that I had been dreaming.

I was much agitated by the nature of my dream. Indeed I knew not where I was, and had nearly called out for assistance, but I became conscious of my situation and refrained.

I remained awake for several hours, and I thought upon my dream, and pondered over its distinctness and the vivid impression it had made upon my senses. I applied it, in my own mind, to Isabella and my successful rival. He would be the viper in her side.

This I considered the more probable, as her father would assuredly refuse his consent to one possessing not the means to maintain an establishment, and a man like Seyton would never give his consent to the marriage of his daughter to a penniless adventurer. For Seyton was of an ancient descent; he held the estates that had been in his family for many ages. Wealth and honor had been theirs for generations.

"What would be the result of such a state of things?" I argued with myself. Why, reduction or a runaway match would be the result. A secret marriage would bring down the curses of old Seyton, and they would bring misery and poverty upon themselves, for Isabella had no property of her own by right—she was entirely dependent upon her father. Would this Henrick treat her kindly when he found that he had but secured the means of bringing expense upon himself?

The state of her heart, then, would indeed be an imperious husband, appearing abroad in all the trappings of wealth and rank, and his miserable wife a mere slave in their wretched lodgings. This was no overcharged picture—nay, it might be worse; he might leave her to exist how she could exist upon mere charity.

On the other hand, if she should, against her father's wish, still see the captain, still love him, as I feared she would, then seduction would no doubt ensue; for the captain was too accomplished, too fashionable not to indulge in this detestable vice, wherever an opportunity occurred. Filled in any attempt he might make to obtain her parents' consent, as I knew he would be, he would revenge himself upon them by using his power over their daughter, to her destruction and their disgrace.

This train of thought occupied me some hours; and in the midst of this unhappiness I again fell asleep, and for a time forgot all my misery; but I was disturbed again by the same dream, in all respects similar. But this time I again fell off to sleep without any great interval, and ere morning I was again disturbed by this dream, or I might say vision, before I fell into a sound slumber, which was the heavier for my previous want of rest and disturbed sleep of the night.

It was late in the day ere I awoke, when my servant entered, saying that Mr. Seyton wished to speak to me. I hurried down stairs—the dream of last night still fresh in my remembrance—and instead of beholding Isabella's father I saw her brother. He and I were very intimate; a fine, noble young man, with sentiments and disposition that would do honor to the most exalted in rank and station.

"Well, Charles," I exclaimed, "has anything happened? I'm all anxiety."

"Nothing, my dear fellow, but I hope my sister's conduct has not hurt you; and my father hope to reckon ourselves your friends, notwithstanding this unfortunate affair."

"As long as I live, Charles, I hope we may be friends—hearty friends; but I had a dream, a terrible dream, and though 'twas but a dream, yet it has left a terrible impression on my mind."

"Pray let me know what it is; 'forewarned, forearmed,' you know."

"True enough; all down, and I will tell you all—but I do not wish it repeated."

"You may rely on my honor."

"I know that, Charles," I replied, and at once related the whole to him. I saw he changed color slightly when he said,

"I don't think my sister would be guilty of any crime like that, but I shall keep a most watchful eye upon them. I fear she is perfectly infatuated with that fellow. I do not think my father is aware of his attentions."

"I should think he could not be without a full knowledge of—"

"But not to the extent of what it is."

"Why not inform him then?"

"All in good time. I fear precipitating matters, but should he dishonor Isabella, my blood or his shall be spilt upon the occasion."

"I shall never cease to throw myself in his way until he affords me satisfaction for a broken heart and a life not worth preservation, and which has been rendered so by him."

"No more of this now—I come to beg you will dine with us to-day."

"I will," I replied, "the more willingly that I intend to leave this country, and travel a little in France and Germany."

"Then do not fail to come, as we shall expect you; I shall keep what you have said in mind."

He then left me, as he had little time to spare at this hour; being in London when this last occurred, he had to make the most of his time. Mr. Seyton and his family having come to the metropolis to spend a few weeks, and I came also, I chose this place for my explanation, as Captain Henrick was detained in the country where we came from.

I dined with him, and contrived to get through the dinner with better grace than I expected, as I could see that Isabella watched me narrowly, and I determined not to let her see the full extent of my disappointment, so that all passed off with evenness and calmness.

In the evening I took a cordial leave of Mr. Seyton and his son Charles; I advanced to Isabella, and, offering my hand to her, said,

"I have now to bid you adieu, Miss Seyton, before I leave this country."

"You are surely not going to quit England," she said, rather hastily.

"Yes, I am," I replied; "I had nothing to detain me in this country, and but little to look forward to here, and it mattered not when I went."

She said nothing, but bade me adieu, and I left the house.

A week after, and I had taken a place on board the steamer for Boulogne. I travelled over many parts of France and Germany, and determined to spend the winter in Paris, which I did. I spent much of my time in acquiring the art of fencing, and also at the theatre; and, notwithstanding the more scenes of dissipation I encountered, yet I could never banish the recollection of Isabella from my mind.

She was the dear star of my existence; I found my curiosity daily increase respecting the welfare of Isabella. Curiosity alone it was not, but a stronger and better feeling. I thought of my dreams so singularly repeated three times in one night.

"This is more than mere chance, mere coincidence," said I, "for it is an event of itself, with, as yet, no connecting link, and as isolated, but I think there will, there must, be another net that will give it a more remarkable color; God grant it may not."

I returned to my bed much dispirited and in a very melancholy mood. My sleep was much disturbed by the arrival of visitors, and I slept but little. But I determined to start the next day for Boulogne, and then to England. I had a repetition of the dream towards morning, but was fortunately awake before my fancy had travelled through all the circumstances of that dreadful vision.

It was this determined me to do so, and when I had breakfasted, I called for my bill, and having discharged it, I at once started for Boulogne. I arrived there in the evening of the following day, being detained on the road by an accident. I entered the traveller's room, which being inconveniently crowded, I desired to be shown into a private room, and was about to follow the waiter to one, when I met Charles Seyton.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "how fortunate I have met you."

"It is fortunate," I replied, "but how came you here? What has happened?"

"This is no place for explanation," he answered, "but I have much to say."

"True," I said, "follow me—I am going to take a private room. Share it with me."

"I will—lead on, for time presses."

Thus urged, I immediately entered the room pointed out, and taking a seat on either side of the fire, we immediately sat down. Having ordered refreshments, our attendant quitted us, and we were left to ourselves.

"Now, Charles, my dear fellow, excuse all other inquiries and topics, but tell me at once has anything happened to Isabella?"

He nodded his head mournfully, while a tear started to his eye.

"Good God! you alarm me. If you would save me many pangs tell me at once the worst that has happened."

"The worst has happened," he replied, "your dream was prophetic—poor Isabella has fallen, indeed, from her high estate."

I was so deeply affected, that nothing but a heavy sigh could escape me. My eyes were ready to burst, but I had not the consolation of shedding a tear. If I could have done so it would have relieved me.

"Henrick sought my father's consent and warmly pleaded his cause, so that my father began to consent; but when the awful accident saw this, he altered his course and became cool and insolent, which irritated my father and he refused him. He has in return made a dupe of my unfortunate sister."

"Where is she?—how is she?"

"Dead. She has been buried with her child about a week, and I have come on an errand of vengeance. I challenged this man and shall meet him to-morrow morning. Will you attend me, for I am unprovided with a friend?"

"I will, and if the villain escape your arm, he shall encounter mine. What weapon do you make use of?"

"Pistols."

"If I fight, I shall use the sword, but I pray that he may receive his deserts at your hand and that it may not be left for me."

"I must take my chance of that, you know," he said, smiling.

I felt sick at heart for the danger my young friend would run, as I believed his antagonist to be a certain shot, but as it was too late to take his place, I did all I could to cheer him, feeling that was my duty.

By daybreak the next morning we both arose and arrived at the spot where we were to meet the antagonist. I took the precaution to take a medical man with me, in case my friend required him.

We met, the ground was measured, and their places taken. The word was given and both fired simultaneously; but, oh! horror, my friend fell mortally wounded. He bent out his hand to me, and said,

"Avenge my fall and my sister's."

"I will," I replied; but he was a corpse. "Villain," I exclaimed, "would nothing less than a second murder satisfy the cravings of your heart? But if you are not a villain, I will meet you with a soldier's weapon, hand to hand."

He pointed to a pair of swords that lay on the ground deliberately, and took one. I did the same. We fought for near twenty minutes and I thought he looked distressed—he met with more opposition than he anticipated. I redoubled my exertions, and in a few minutes he was a corpse at my feet. I had passed my sword through his breast and he died upon the spot. Thus ended my first and last duel.

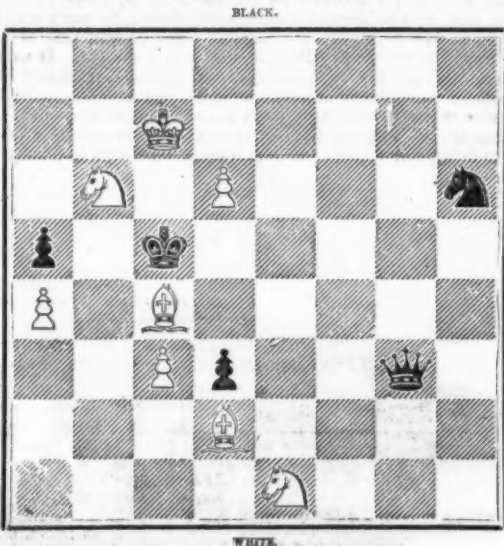
CHESS.

THE BOOK OF THE CHESS CONGRESS.—The subscribers to the funds of the First American Chess Congress, and the Chess public generally, are not to blame for the impatience which they exhibit in relation to the publication of the Book of the Congress. Many players living at a distance from the city, not acquainted with the managers of the Congress here, think "the Book" a myth, and that it never will make its appearance. We can assure them to the contrary. The funds are in bank sufficient to defray all necessary expense attendant upon the issue of the volume. We know not who should shoulder the responsibility of the unreasonable procrastination which has thus far been permitted to exist. The book should have been issued by the first of the present month at farthest, but as it is, the "copy" is not yet in the hands of the printer. Where it is at the present time we cannot say, but hope and believe that when it does come it will richly repay us all for our wear and tear of expectation. Gentlemen, please hurry along "the Book of the Congress!"

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED.—Dr. W. Saratoga Springs; S. Loyd, Florence, N. J. Mathew Wilson, Esq., New Bedford; J. Chapman, Boston; J. Q. P., N. Y.; Dr. R., Philadelphia.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Dr. C. C. Moore, Winona, Minn. Problem No. 4 is correct. No. 5: an error exists in your solution; the Q from Q B 3 cannot go to Q 5; presume you intended K 5; otherwise correct. No. 6: try 1. K to K 5; 2. K moves; Q to K 5; then if Black goes back to B 4, White K to B 5 and Q mates; if K to B 3, White P to R 4; if K to R 4, White Q to K 7, or P to R 4.—Dr. R., Phila. Problem No. 5, "A Rebus," incomplete; there is no Black K on the board. Those positions wherein White is compelled to check every move are objectionable, because too obvious. No. 4 is correct.—JACOB ELSON. There is a letter for you in the Philadelphia Post-office from one of the Eastern States.—T. M. B. Problem No. 1 is faulty. See third variation of your solution. The third move of Q to K 6 does not mate, as the Black K may return to K 4.—J. Q. P., N. Y. Problem incorrect, as in the position the White K stands in check of the Kt at K Kt 8. Please send your correction.—J. H. M., Canastota, N. Y. In Problem No. 7 we find Black B at Q Kt sq. and Black B at Q R 2, which must be a mistake.—L. F. RICE, N. Y. "Solution to Problem CXXIV," should read, "Solution to Problem CXXIII." Your "mare's nest" is merely an error in numbering the solution.—G. W. B., Waterbury, Ct. You are wrong as to Diagram No. CXXIII.

PROBLEM CXXIX.—By INCOGNITO, Boston. White to play and checkmate in three moves.



PROBLEM CXXIX.—By INCOGNITO, Boston.

POSITION OF THE PIECES.

WHITE.—Pawns at K B 2 and K R 3; Knights at K 3 and K Kt 4; B at K Kt 2; R at Q Kt 5; K at K 7.
BLACK.—Pawns at K 4, Q 3, Q Kt 6 and Q R 4; R at Q R 6; B at Q Kt 7; Kt at Q R 2; K at K B 5.
White to play and checkmate in three moves.

GAME CXXIX.—(SCOTCH GAMBIT)—Between LEUT. JONES, U. S. A., and Dr. W. B. JONES, of Washington City.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Leut. J.	Dr. J.	Leut. J.	Dr. J.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	14 P Kt 3	Q to Q B 4
2 Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3	15 Kt to Q 2	B Kt 3
3 P to Q 4	P Kt 3	16 Q R to Q B sq	Q to Q Kt 5
4 B to Q B 4	B to Q Kt 5 (ch)	17 R to Kt sq	Q to Q B 4
5 Q B P interposes	P Kt 3	18 R to Kt 5	Q to Q B 3
6 P Kt 3	B to R 4	19 B to K 7	B to Kt 2
7 Q to Q 5	Q to K 2	20 Q to R 4	Kt to Q 3
8 Castles	Kt to K B 3	21 B Kt 3	Kt Kt 3
9 Q to K Kt 5	Castles	22 Kt to K 4	Kt to Q 5
10 P to K 5	Kt to K sq	23 B Kt 3 (ch)	Kt Kt 3 (a)
11 Q to R 5	K Kt P to Kt 3	24 Q to Q 8 (ch)	K Kt 3
12 Q to R 6	Kt Kt 3	25 Kt to Kt 5 and mates.	
13 B to K Kt 5	Kt Kt 3 (ch)		

(a) If Black had moved to Rook's sq., White would have won the game in a few moves.

GAME CXXX.—(KING'S KNIGHT'S GAMBIT)—Between W. W. MONTGOMERY and Dr. D., of Virginia, at the odds of Queen's Rook. Remove White's Q R from the board.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
W. W. M.	Dr. D.	W. W. M.	Dr. D.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	21 Q Kt 3	Q Kt 3
2 P to K B 4	P Kt 3	22 R Kt 3	Kt to Q B 4
3 K Kt to B 3	P to K Kt 4	23 Kt to B 6 (ch)	K to B 2
4 B to Q B 4	B to Q B 4	24 Kt Kt 3 (ch)	Kt to Kt 3
5 P to Q 4	B to Q Kt 3	25 P to K Kt 4	R to K (ch)
6 P to K R 4	P to K 5	26 Kt to K 5	Kt to Kt 2
7 Kt to K Kt 5	K Kt to R 3	27 Kt to K B 4 (ch)	Kt to Kt 2
8 Q B Kt 3	P to Q 3	28 B to K R 4	R to K R
9 R to K B 3	P to K B 3	29 Kt to R 5 (ch)	Kt to Kt 3
10 Q Kt to B 3	P to K B 4	30 R to K 4	R to K
11 Kt to K 6	B Kt 3	31 Kt to K 6	Kt Kt 3
12 B Kt 3	Q Kt 3 (ch)	32 R Kt 3 (ch)	Kt to Kt 2
13 P to Q 5	Q Kt 3 (ch)	33 R to K 6	R to K B
14 P to K Kt 3	Q to K B 3	34 R to K 4	R to K R
15 K P Kt 3	Kt Kt 3	35 B to K Kt 3	R to R 5 (ch)
16 Q Kt 3	R to B	36 Kt to K 2	K to Kt 3
17 Kt to K 4	Q to K Kt 3	37 B to K B 4	R to K Kt 3
18 B to K Kt 5	P to K R 4	38 R to K 3	B Kt 3
19 Q to K R 3	Q Kt to Q 2 (a)	39 K Kt 3	K to Kt 4
20 B Kt 3	R Kt 3 (b)	40 K to B 3	

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For removing Tan, Sunburn, Freckles, Redness and Eruptions of the Skin, and for rendering the Complexion clear and beautiful.
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I can, if you desire it, refer to you several cases of obstinate cutaneous disease, in which I know the Kallistion has had a wonderfully good effect; one in particular, the daughter of Mr. P.—, one of my neighbors, had suffered for many years from eruptions and painful inflammation of the skin (probably the effect of bad vaccine virus), leaving it in several places puckered and quite red. A few weeks ago I recommended to him your Kallistion; he has since informed me that the effect of its use has been very marked and beneficial, that the skin has become soft and smooth, and the inflammation and redness has nearly disappeared.

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ITS UNPRECEDENTED SUCCESS,
together with our desire to place the Springs within the reach of all, and, in fact, to render them indispensable to every family, has determined us to fix the price at
SIX DOLLARS PER SET.

Dealers, hotel-keepers, housekeepers, and all others desiring the best as well as the cheapest bed-bottom ever introduced, will do well to investigate for themselves the merits of the article in question.
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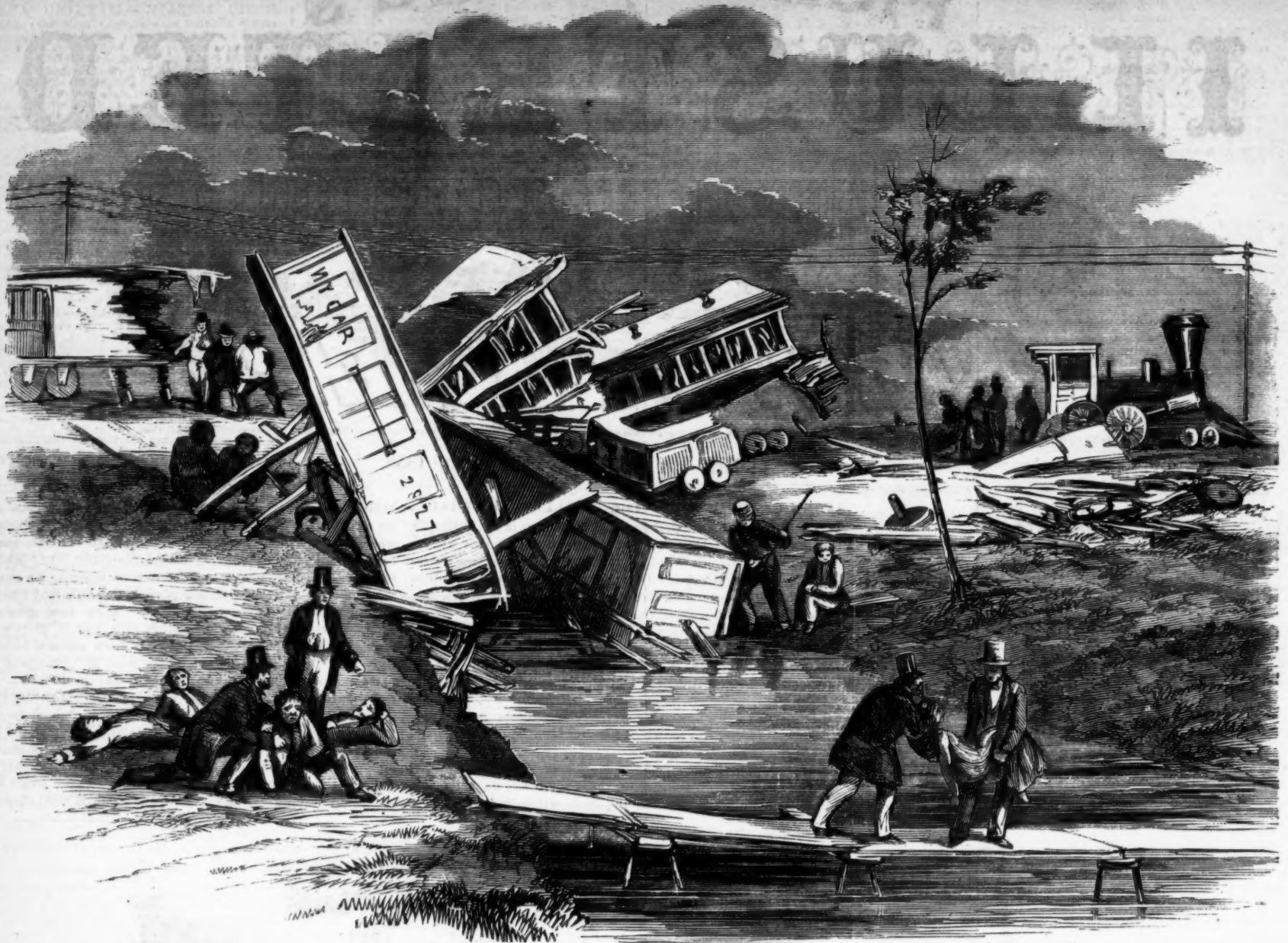
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Write your address plainly, and direct to
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N. MORRIS, Depot, cor. of Pearl and Tillary streets.
Dairy from John King, Chester, Orange Co.
" L. W. Hawkins, Goshen, "
" D. C. Wisner, Middletown, "
J. S. & O. M. WALTERS, Depot, cor. of Duffield and Johnson streets.
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Dairy from Edward King, Goshen, Orange Co.
" Wm. H. Ward, "
" Louis Selleck, Middletown, "
J. P. OVERBROCK, Depot, cor. of Hoyt and Livingston streets.
Dairy from J. G. King, Chester, Orange Co.
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129

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One quart, by the addition of water, makes 2½ quarts, equal to cream—3 quarts rich milk, and 7 quarts good milk.
For sale at 175 Canal street, or delivered at dwellings in New York and Brooklyn, at 25 CENTS per quart. 129

THOSE WHO WANT TO GET GENUINE PURE COUNTRY MILK—that is to say, Milk from grass-fed Cows, not packed into the black holes of Distillery Stables—may obtain it from CHARLES ROEDIGER'S Cattle Farm. The Milk is served to customers at their residences every morning. Orders left at the store No. 76 Avenue A, or at the Farm place, Lane's Farm, Myrtle Avenue Plank Road, Williamsburgh, will be promptly attended to. 128-131

PURE COUNTRY MILK FOR THE CITIZENS OF BROOKLYN.—The Orange County Milk Company receive their Milk every morning by the Erie Railroad. Their Cows have pure air and free range to rove over some of the best Dairy lands in the County. Persons wishing Pure Milk may rely on this article, and can inquire of any of the following parties, who have been served for a number of years by the Company: H. S. Smith, M. D., 203 Clinton street; P. P. Wells, M. D., 84 Clinton street; D. E. Kessam, M. D., Henry street, corner of Joralemon; Nathl Ford, 120 Union street.
EVERETT & POST, Proprietors,
Office, 282 Hicks st., Brooklyn.
129-130

TO FAMILIES.
SOAP AND CANDLES.

J. C. HULL & SONS,
108, 110, AND 112 CLIFF STREET, NEW YORK,
Manufacturers of
EXTRA FAMILY AND PALE SOAPS.

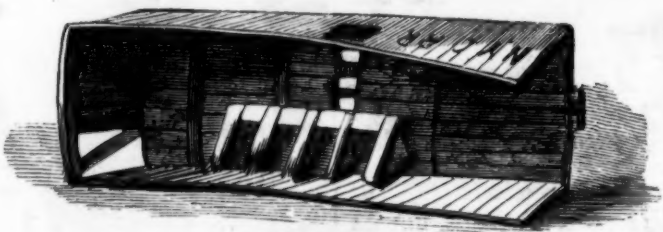
Also,
FANCY AND TOILET SOAPS
OF EVERY STYLE, PERFUME AND COLOR.

Also,
PURE OLD PALM SOAP,
for the Bath, Toilet, and for Children.
The best Soap in use for
CHAPPED HANDS.

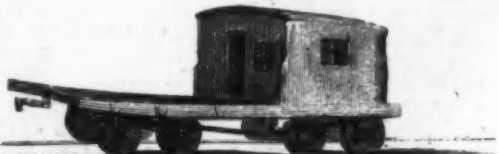
Goods delivered free of cartage 128-129



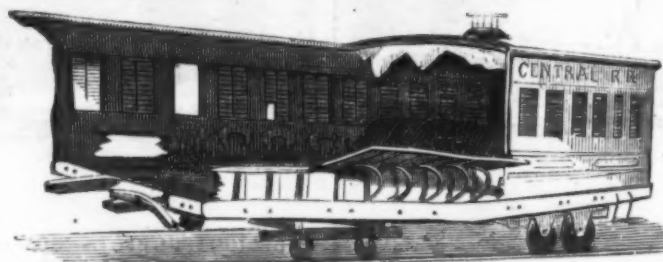
PASSENGER CAR OVERTURNED AND SMASHED IN.



REMAINS OF ONE OF THE FREIGHT CARS.



BAGGAGE CAR LITERALLY TORN IN HALF.



SECTION OF A PASSENGER CAR. A PERFECT WRECK.

THE FOUR SKETCHES ABOVE BY OUR OWN ARTIST, WHO WAS DISPATCHED TO THE SCENE.

MR. LESLIE.—I was not aware that I was using Swill Milk until informed through your paper. I have given it up, and am now selling pure Westchester County Milk.
J. D. & H. HEINS,
107 Ninth avenue, cor. Eighteenth street.

MILK FOR BABES.

ALDEN & WOODHULL'S CONCENTRATED MILK.

The remarkable virtues of this invaluable preparation of PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK Are now freely admitted by all who have an opportunity of testing them.

It is particularly adapted for children who REQUIRE TO BE NURSED BY HAND, and can be relied on as PURE ORANGE COUNTY MILK.

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, SALOONS, &c., Can be supplied with Pure Orange County Milk and Cream by leaving their address at the Depot,
35 WHITE STREET, COR. CHURCH.

Sold by Druggists and Grocers generally.

GENTLEMEN,—The preparations of yours which I have tried are excellent. The portable state of them, with their good qualities, makes them valuable for the invalid and the traveller.

July 16, 1857. VALENTINE MOTT, M.D.
Messrs. Alden & Woodhull, New York 128-129

FULTON COFFEE AND DINING ROOMS.—Corner Fulton and Water streets, late Crook's. pure Orange County Milk taken at this house. 128-131

DR. HAMMOND'S ORRIS TOOTH SOAP is admitted by all who use it to be the best article ever offered to the public for preserving and beautifying the teeth and gums, and purifying the breath. Carefully manufactured by a practical Dentist. Wholesale Depot, 221 Greenwich street, New York. 126

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO'S

IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES. WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXHIBIT THIS newly-invented and valuable instrument, and would respectfully solicit a call from all persons in want of a Sewing Machine whose qualities have only to be tried to be duly appreciated.

We have opened commodious rooms at 460 BROADWAY, for the sale of these Machines, and all interested are respectfully invited to examine and decide upon their merits for themselves.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO.,
No. 460 Broadway, New York,
Cor. Essex & Lincoln streets, Boston,
No. 820 Chestnut street, Phila.
121-122

PURE COUNTRY MILK.

LAWRENCE MCBRIDE, RIDGWOOD DAIRY, Cypress Hills, near the old Plank Road, earnestly invites his customers and all others wanting pure grass fed Country Milk, to visit his Dairy, at the above location, and assure themselves that his is not swill milk. He adopts this method in consequence of the just indignation that is expressed in regard to the sale of swill milk, and to assure all who may order milk of him that they will get a genuine, good, healthy article. Persons who wish him to serve them will be waited on by leaving their orders at the Daily Times Office, 12 and 14 South Seventh street.